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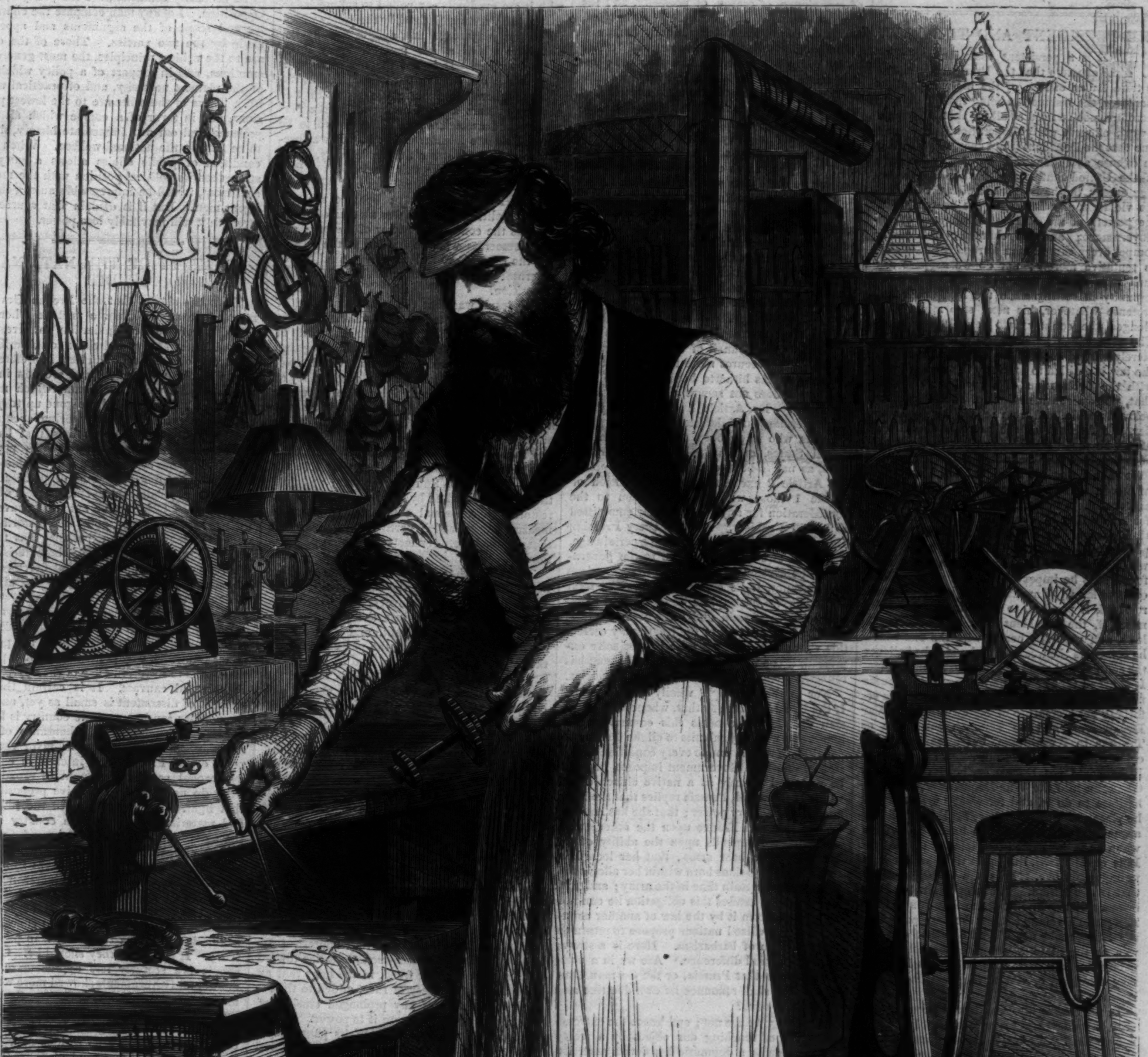


THE MODEL-MAKER.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

THE MODEL-MAKER.

On our front page of this issue is an engraving from an admirable drawing by A. R. Waud, representing a model-maker engaged in his workshop, a scene which will be of interest because of its familiarity to thousands of our readers.

The model-maker is to many branches of manufacture what the artist is to wood engraving, what the architect is to the builder. He furnishes the designs from which others work. Model-makers are employed not only in the construction of small or miniature representations of the structure of various machines, as is the model-maker in our engraving, but in making moulds for castings in iron, plaster, etc. The huge cannons employed during the war, the great steam and locomotive engines which are daily seen in peaceful operation, the sewing-machines, and the thousand and one inventions which give life and support to the industrial classes, are cast or welded from the models of the model-maker.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 4, 1868.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAW.

THERE is a persistent assertion made in some quarters that the President is not to be tried for an offense of the highest possible character, the insinuation being that he should, therefore, not be tried at all, or that his trial is a work of mere party desperation. It is very true that the President is not charged with such an offense as endeavoring to convey the forts of the United States into the hands of a foreign enemy, but he is charged with the deliberate violation of a law, with the usurpation of the powers of the other two branches of the Government; and his character and career compel every candid man to regard the offense as tentative merely; nor do we suppose any such man doubts that, had he been allowed impunity in setting aside the law, under any pretense whatever, his next step might have plunged the country into terrible confusion. The plea which he incessantly urges that he merely wished to test the constitutionality of the law is entitled to precisely the same respect with the declaration of a royal *motu proprio* that, "From considerations of affection for my beloved people, and from regard for public order, the freedom of the press is abolished." Men who mean mischief are not in the habit of saying that they mean it.

It is said that the President had been shorn of power, that he had been rendered harmless, and that there was therefore all the less reason for impeaching him, except for the highest possible offense. But how had he been shorn of power? Merely by the laws of Congress, of which the Tenure-of-Office law was one. And for what is he impeached? For violating one of those laws. Unwilling to be restrained, and resolved, if possible, to exert all his force for mischief, the President tries to set aside the laws, and naturally begins with the one which he considers the weakest, and which he believes the country will regard as the most unimportant. It is urged that he can neither control the purse nor the sword. But what have been all his efforts to get a creature of his own into the War Department, and to summon Sherman or Thomas to Washington, but attempts to discover whether he could not control the sword? If he could put Rousseau, or Steedman, or Granger into the War Department, would he hesitate to do it, and for what purpose would he place either of them there? It is childish to argue that the President is bound by the law when he is impeached for violation of the law. It is equally trivial to insist that the law is an unimportant one. It is the violation of law that is in question. It was upon a rate of thirty-one shillings and sixpence that John Hampden made his stand against the ship-money. If the King could not dispense with the law, it was as illegal to attempt the collection of a penny as of a million pounds. If the President may disregard or violate the least law, all the laws are at his mercy.

In the case of the President the constitutionality of the law is not now mooted. Is the Tenure-of-office Bill a law? If so, does it include the present Secretary of War as one of the officers who can not be removed without the consent of the Senate? If so, did the President remove him without consulting the Senate? These are the questions. If they shall be answered affirmatively, what reply is it to say, even could it be proved, that the President meant no mischief? The best and wisest man in the Executive Chair could not be allowed to use his discretion in obeying the laws any more than the best and wisest Congress could be allowed to dispense altogether with the Executive. But when a man who has the confidence of no party whatever, who is merely upheld against the dominant party by a political opposition which despises him, whom nobody trusts or respects, and from whose action the baffled rebellion hopes to pluck a tardy victory —when such a man in the Executive Chair assumes to violate laws at his pleasure, under whatever plea, he can not expect an immunity that could not be wisely granted to the most trusted and beloved citizen.

THE BANCROFT TREATY.

While Mr. Seward has forfeited the respect and sympathy of those who were once his warmest political friends, and has no influence whatever in the great work of reconstruction, he is yet steadily laboring to associate his name with foreign diplomatic triumphs. He has gratified his old fancy for territorial expansion by the bargain with Russia for Alaska; he sees the British Government not unlikely to settle the *Alabama* claims upon honorable terms to the United States; and under his direction, Mr. Bancroft, Minister to Prussia, has negotiated a treaty which settles some disputed points of the rights of adopted citizens upon which the United States have hitherto had a great deal of correspondence with Prussia.

It is in some such manner that our difference with England upon the question of allegiance will probably be settled. It must become a subject of treaty, and will so pass into international law. Great changes in the traditions and policy of nations are not wrought by the peremptory opposition of other nations. They are the result of experience, of reason, of necessity, and the thousand forms of expediency. If one nation, for its own advantage, dogmatically declares a public principle which the advantage of another nation compels it to deny, and a practical question arises under the difference, there must be compromise, total surrender upon one side, or war. Now the age is not favorable to the categorical international method. Nations proceed to adjust differences by discussion and compromise rather than by a prompt ultimatum and war. They approach changes of policy slowly, and vacate old claims with deliberation. General Banks or Mr. Robinson may insist that Congress shall pass an emphatic law which directly clashes with the laws and habits of other nations, and require that its extremest letter shall be at once rigorously enforced. But wiser men understand better the conditions of international progress, and know that the change which the law seeks can not be peremptorily wrought.

Thus Mr. Bancroft's treaty, which has been approved by the Council of the North German Confederation, secures more than the Prussian Government has hitherto been willing to concede, but it does not secure the whole American claim. By Article 1 of the treaty the North German Confederation agrees to regard Germans who have been naturalized in the United States, and have lived here for five years, as native-born citizens of the Republic. But Article 2 excepts from the provision of Article 1 those who owe reparation to the Confederation for any misdemeanor committed while still a subject. Now, as every Prussian without distinction, upon reaching a certain age, is held to owe military service to the government, the evasion of which is the most serious misdemeanor, if he emigrate before the term of that service has expired he is, it seems to us, still liable to Prussia under the treaty. It is possible that the text of the treaty may correct this view; but, unless it be very distinctly expressed, it can not be assumed that Prussia has renounced one of its most cherished principles.

Nor is this principle wholly unreasonable. If the United States say that, whenever a Prussian deliberately chooses this country as his home, and willingly submits to all the duties and penalties of the law and to every condition of citizenship that the Government imposes, he shall be regarded exactly as a native citizen every where in the world, Prussia replies that she is of necessity a military power; that she has Austria on one side and France upon the other; that her existence depends upon the ability of all her subjects to bear arms; that her local law requires all Prussians born within her allegiance to serve for a certain time in the army; and that if any subject evades this obligation he can not be released from it by the law of another country, unless civilized nations propose to return to the condition of barbarism. Here is a strong case and a vital difference. Are we in a position to insist that Prussia, or the German Confederation, shall renounce its own doctrine and conform to ours?

Certainly we are not; and hence the extreme propriety of reaching our object by a treaty rather than by a dogmatic legislative assertion and acts of hostility. We say that we are not in a position to insist that Prussia shall adopt our doctrine or fight; because, as we have formerly shown, the United States really have no doctrine upon the subject. We have a popular cry and a general vehement assertion; but when Mr. Banks spoke in his late bill of the doctrine which the Government had "maintained" he was compelled to strike out the word, and finally to withdraw the bill, because we have "maintained" no doctrine whatever. Indeed the rule of law in this country is substantially the view held by Prussia. Prussia declares that expatriation is possible only by consent of the Government; and Chancellor Kent says that, in this country, "the better opinion would seem to be that a citizen can not renounce his allegiance to the United States without the permission of Government to be declared by law, and that there is no existing legislation in the case."

Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, during the debate upon Mr. Banks's bill, which was withdrawn, very wisely proposed to put the United States in a position to speak of its principles upon the subject of expatriation and perpetual allegiance by declaring definitely what those principles are. He introduced a substitute, asserting that the right of expatriation and of naturalization under specified conditions are a part of the public law of the United States, and providing that wherever those rights were contravened by other nations the Executive should immediately inform Congress for its action. This is beginning at the beginning. But it is rather bold to suppose that our declaration will fundamentally change international law. It will lead to discussion; from discussion will spring negotiations and treaties, and in that manner what is called international law or the comity of nations will be modified. Reason, patience, and toleration are as indispensable in public as in private affairs.

MEN AND PARTIES.

Those who adhere to a political party for some better theory which they have associated with it are gradually compelled to acknowledge that a party must be judged by the policy which its majority approves and adopts, not by the principles which a few members may insist upon asserting. It is not the traditions of a party which can save it, but its practical measures. When the Democratic party in this country became a machine by which the perpetuity and ascendency of slavery were to be secured sincere Democrats left it. It was useless to say that it was a free-trade party, and a party that asserted the strict limitations of government, and was a State-rights and decentralizing and anti-bank party; because the paramount political question was neither of those, but was the controlling power of slavery; and the Democrats who believed that the system and the extension of slavery were fatal to free government and the national welfare joined the Opposition.

The result was that the moral sentiment of the country deserted the Democratic party, which became under the despotic leadership of the Southern chiefs a mere conspiracy against free government and human nature. Its sole object was the maintenance of the supremacy of slavery, and its methods included suppression of free speech, mobs, vigilance committees, and a vast and systematic demoralization of the public mind, naturally and inevitably culminating in a fierce and prolonged rebellion. Until that rebellion was suppressed or victorious the only practical question was the war; and until the nation, convulsed by the war, is pacified and restored to a normal condition, the practical measures upon which parties must divide are those immediately connected with that pacification.

There are therefore now the party of those who inflexibly opposed the subserviency of the Democratic party to slavery, who steadfastly supported the war against the supremacy of slavery in the government, and who are resolved that the defeat of the party supporting that supremacy shall be secured in the reconstruction of the country. This is one of the present parties. The other is the Opposition, composed of all the miscellaneous elements of hatred, ignorance, and discontent—the hatred of a baffled faction, the ignorance of those who are swayed by appeals to the basest passions, and the discontent of politicians out of power; of those who, pinched by the necessary consequences of a tremendous war, hold the dominant party responsible for the suffering occasioned by the rebellion; and of those who are impatient of the extravagances of some of the leaders of the dominant party, and by the occasional crudity of some measures they propose.

This Opposition, calling itself the Conservative or Democratic party, is the residuary legatee of all the passions and prejudices that were generated by the long slavery contest. Its present policy is contemptuous injustice toward those whom the war freed, in the hope that an appeal to the jealousy of race, added to the reaction that follows any prolonged tension of public feeling, may restore it to power. It tries to claim free-trade as one of its passports to public favor, although some of the ablest and most conspicuous free-traders are not less eminent Republicans, and the subject is one upon which party lines are not, and can not yet be, drawn. It talks about the strict limitation of government, but not so ably as many of those who are radically opposed to it upon the paramount question. The only point which is peculiar to this Conservative or Democratic party is hostility to equal rights. That is the subject upon which alone it is fully concentrated. Upon this all its orators are equally eloquent, and its newspapers equally humorous. "Shall this not remain a white man's government?" shouts the Reverend Henry Clay Dean, and the New York *World* gives endless columns of painful burlesque of the "Pan African" Conventions.

It is in the extreme examples that the tendency of the Democratic party must be studied. They show the party intention and drift. They reveal the sentiments and purposes which more plainly appear as the party believes itself ascending to power. Thus if, personally, Fernando Wood is distasteful to many of his political associates; if he sometimes speaks a little more plainly than they think to be politic, he is only excessive in the party direction. If Mr. Wood asperses the living General Howard upon an authority "which I was very careful to say I would not guarantee," the New York *World* constantly insults in the coarsest manner the memory of the dead President Lincoln. If Chauncey Burr says that a hundred assassins would have disposed of the Radicals, the Albany *Argus* asks whether the knot must be cut by the sword. If Vallandigham derides the cowardice of the Democracy, the whole Copperhead press ridicules "loyalty" and "loyal" men.

Indeed both parties now, as before the war, may be profitably studied in what are called their fanatics. In Congress to-day Fernando Wood and Thaddeus Stevens may be considered the opposing representatives. Mr. Stevens says that with free schools and universal suffrage he will trust the future. Intelligence and equal rights—those are the objective points of the dominant party. Caste, and ignorance, as its necessary condition, are the policy of the Opposition. Let any man compare the character and scope of the arguments and appeals made by the two parties. Those of the one are to the noblest principles, the most generous emotions, and in support of a policy which is of the plainest necessity, and of practical utility. Those of the other are to the lowest passions, and in favor of a course which all experience, and our own immediate history, show to be fatal to the national welfare. When the condition of public affairs allows a party to strengthen its political position with the moral sentiment, it will be impregnable among intelligent men. But if it disdain that source of strength it will inevitably lose power.

STABILITY OF THE NATIONAL CREDIT.

Time has shown that the French Government made an unfortunate mistake when, in 1865, it refused our invitation to invest in United States bonds, and chose to subscribe its $100,000,000 to the Italian loan in preference. Those bonds cost her 70, and are now in the market at 45, while our bonds, which might have been bought at 45, have gone up to 78 or 80, with a prospect of their being eventually worth par in gold. The truth is, that United States securities have acquired such popular confidence, both at home and abroad, that even the most alarming symptoms of political turmoil fail to shake their stability. Political squabbles, in Congress or out of it, have lost their great significance, and cease materially to affect the market; for experience has taught that bluster and vaporing are characteristic of our representative men, and that fierce conflict of opinion does not necessarily contain the seeds of serious result.

The most serious source of danger to the public credit lies in the spirit of repudiation, which is insidiously taking hold of the popular mind, and which wily politicians of both parties take pains to foster, in view of the approaching Presidential canvass. It is certain that the element of discontent is small as yet, and that the popular sentiment of the country is largely opposed to repudiation. Thousands of well-meaning, unreflecting persons favor the payment of the Five-Twenty interest in currency who would scorn the thought of repudiation. They do not see the seductive proposition in that light. But how long will the industrial and material interests of the country sustain the agitation of equivocal schemes for evading honest obligations? How long will Government Bonds maintain their present standing in the world's markets under the increasing pressure? The London *Times* says that holders of American securities are already beginning to be alarmed by the debates about consolidation of the debt, or the payment of it in paper currency. It is natural they should be. Our own people are scarcely less apprehensive. The market for Governments showed more weakness under the announcement of Senator Sherman's new Funding Scheme than it did under the prospect of impeaching the President. There ought, perhaps, to be no serious apprehension that any such measure can be legalized by Congress; but the excitement which the bare suggestion creates in commercial circles, and the perceptible growth of the elements of discontent at the West, make it apparent that the stability of the public credit is more likely to be shaken by impolitic financial measures than by mere political agitation.

There is less occasion now than ever before to listen to the special pleas of would-be repudiators, and less reason than ever for resorting to any such expedients as Senator Sherman's. We need no "compromise measures" with those who are disposed to be dishonest. A great deal has been done, since the war closed, to extricate the country from its financial embarrassment. The February statement of the Secretary of the Treasury shows that the aggregate net debt of the United States at that date was $2,527,315,373, of which $1,935,000,000 has been funded. The March statement shows a still farther decrease in the debt of $7,485,758.

The unfunded debt has been reduced to about $716,000,000, the whole of which, with the exception of the greenbacks, fractional currency, and gold certificates, are so arranged as to be readily funded; and it is believed that in scarcely any possible contingency can any part of this unfunded debt cause embarrassment to the Treasury. This encouraging result has been obtained by arduous labor and great ingenuity. In the face of this remarkable display of recuperative force, and in view of the present political agitation, the moment is singularly chosen for instituting attacks on the public credit. The effect of these Western wild-cat schemes can not be otherwise than extremely mischievous in their mere suggestion and discussion, and if enacted by law, must result in national bankruptcy.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

Among the important reforms in the proposed new Constitution of New York is the reorganization of the Legislature. At present the Senate is composed of thirty-two members, who are elected every two years, and who retire together. But in nothing more than in practical legislation are experience and stability essential. The members who come to the capital, new to legislative life and unfamiliar not only with the method of managing details but even with the general subjects to be managed, are at a disadvantage which perplexes all public business and peculiarly exposes the members themselves to unscrupulous influences. This difficulty is obviated by providing that the terms of office of all the Senators shall not expire at the same time. The provision finally adopted by the Convention, and which is now to be submitted to the people, divides the State into thirty-two Senate districts, each of which is to choose one Senator, and the term of office is to be four years. Half of the members first elected are to retire at the end of two years; the others at the end of four. This secures a permanent element, as in the Senate of the United States. Half of the members are necessarily experienced; and the improvement upon the present system is incontestable.

A still more searching reform, however, was sought by a large part of the Convention, and at one time it seemed probable that it would be adopted. This was an increase in the size of the district and a reduction in the number of Senators. The theory of a Senate in our Legislature is that it is a Conservative body by which the possibly rash and hasty action of the other House may be restrained and corrected. It was with this view, doubtless, that a noted clergyman in Albany, when praying at the opening of a morning session of the Senate, at a time when the House was especially tumultuous and discordant, fervently besought the Almighty that he would enable the tranquil wisdom of a few "to baffle the dispersive counsels of a multitude." But nothing can be more clumsy and futile than a second body elected by the same constituency. The Senate, which does not represent like the House of Lords in England a separate estate of the realm, should be constituted solely with a view to its purpose. It is to pass in review the action of the other House, and therefore, as far as practicable, it should be different in its origin and duration, in order to secure that independence and deliberation which are indispensable to the proper discharge of its functions. If it be elected by the same constituency and for the same term as the other House, it is but a repetition of it, subject to precisely the same local and personal influences. Its especial intention is defeated.

The Senate in the Congress of the United States is distinguished from the House of Representatives by its small number, two from every State; by the extent and character of the constituency, which is the whole State; by the manner of election, which is by the State Legislature; and by the duration of the term, which is three times as long as that of a Representative. There seems to be no good reason why the general constitution of the United States Senate should not serve as a model for that of this State; and it was proposed that the State should be divided into eleven or twelve districts, each to elect a Senator for a long term, with a provision that a third of the number only should retire together. This plan would secure all the objects sought in a Senate as wisely as any arrangement, but it was defeated apparently because of an opinion that it was not truly democratic, and evinced a doubt of the wisdom and ability of the people to select their representatives. If this argument were of any weight, it was sufficient to abolish the Senate altogether. The discussion was animated and the vote very close. The result was the compromise we have mentioned, which, as an advance upon the present regulation, we hope will be adopted by the people.

The new Constitution proposes also to return to the old election of members of the Assembly by counties instead of by districts, as now; it increases the number of Representatives to one hundred and thirty-nine instead of the present one hundred and twenty-eight; and provides for the payment to each member of an annual salary of a thousand dollars instead of the present *per diem*. The election by counties will, of course, prevent for some time the return of any but Democratic representatives from the county of New York. It is possible now to send at least one or two of the other party. The division of the State into thirty-two districts also makes the districts of the Senators in the counties of New York and Kings smaller than those of the Assemblymen. The county of New York, for instance, will furnish five senatorial districts. This is an anomaly which it was difficult to avoid.

There seemed to be no very strong wish in the Convention to increase the number of members of the Assembly. Indeed, a multitude is not so prompt or efficient a working body as a comparatively small number; and the argument for a large Assembly, drawn from the consideration that it takes much more money to bribe six hundred men than a hundred and thirty, is so startling as to suggest the rejoinder that reasonable men will immediately perceive that no corporation can afford to pay individually eight hundred as liberally as it might a hundred and thirty, and to graduate their expectations and demands accordingly. In other words, if the community is corrupt, and the number of the Legislature is determined, not by considerations of executing a public duty with ability, rapidity, and fidelity, but by reference to corruptibility, it makes very little difference whether the Assembly be larger or smaller. Nevertheless, there is a very profound and universal impression in the State that the Legislature is not impeccable. But this was stoutly denounced as a false impression by Senator **Henry C. Murphy** and Senator **Folger**, who are generally regarded as the leaders of their respective parties in the Senate. Indeed, Senator **Folger**, upon one occasion, declared that it was unfair to repeat so slanderous an allegation as if there could be no doubt of its truth, and most vehemently denied the wholesale charge of venality against the Legislature, rather to the amused consternation of Mr. **Erastus Brooks**, who had yielded the floor for a moment, but who, upon resuming, did not seem to be in the least convinced.

Nor, indeed, was the Convention. For, upon Mr. **Opdyke**'s proposition, it placed in the new Constitution a very stringent provision against official corruption; making it incumbent upon District Attorneys to prosecute under pain of removal for negligence. All public officers are also required to take an oath as a guard against bribery at election: so that in entering upon his office the Governor and the Judges of Appeals, as well as every minor servant of the State, must swear that he has not paid nor offered to pay any thing valuable, nor made any promise to influence or reward a vote. This is a solemn testimony to the extent of public corruption which is melancholy enough. But the Convention had to deal with what it believes to be facts, and with the very positive conviction of the public mind upon the subject; and the provision it has made can not fail to be salutary. Upon the whole the public judgment will undoubtedly be that the changes in the Legislative article, although not radical, are improvements upon the present system.

THE PRESS AND LIBELS.

The Press is naturally interested in the two recent trials of suits against newspapers for libel. It is very important that the limits of editorial discretion, in regard to comments upon persons and their actions, should be exactly defined; and we have come nearer to such precision by the verdict in each of these cases. In the one, the New York *Sun* reprinted from another paper a gross slander upon a married woman. Her husband promptly sued. The responsible editor apologized and corrected the statement, but the husband persevered and lost his case. There was no question of the falsity of the story and of its injurious character, but it was held that there was no malicious intention; that it was printed from a responsible source as a matter of public news; that ample apology and reparation in kind, so far as possible, had been made; and, technically, that the editor in charge was an agent, and his conduct could not impute malice to the proprietor, who was the defendant in the suit.

In this case it seems clear that the husband should have sued the original author of the slander; and the story being as false as it was injurious, we certainly should not have been sorry if the result had been to impress upon our fraternity the truth that we must be very careful before we publish stories, however "spicy," which are clearly most damaging, and may be totally false. It is not the fair office of the Press to gratify an inane and insatiable personal curiosity and fondness for prurient gossip. It is the duty of an editor to discriminate. All facts are not lawful news. In the very case of the persons concerned in the story which the *Sun* reprinted, of what possible interest to the public is the conduct of the lady, who is in no sense a public character, and who was very unfairly made a subject of gossip at the time of her marriage? We think this consideration might properly have restrained the reproduction of the paragraph in question; although that is, perhaps, a question of editorial taste and discretion with which the law should not interfere. The verdict was entirely just under the circumstances, and it is the original libeler who should be punished.

The other case was that of a conductor upon the New Jersey Railroad against the *Nation*, for its comments upon the careless management of the train at the time of the killing of Professor **Dwight**. The defense was, that there was no malicious intention in the comments; that they were not in themselves libelous; and that they were not personally applied to the conductor. The facts were, that there was undoubtedly culpable carelessness in the management of the train; that Mr. **Dwight** lost his life in consequence; and that the *Nation*, in strict pursuance of its duty as a public journal, exposed the conduct of public agents to whom the lives of hundreds are daily intrusted. If this is not the duty of a journal, what is? If it had charged the conductor personally with the negligence that led to the catastrophe, it must, of course, have proved its allegation. But it did not: it spoke in general of the management; the conductor said it meant him; and the Judge charged that the Jury had only to decide whether the conductor were the person intended by the article, and, if so, to determine the amount of damages to be awarded!

But suppose we should say that last week there was another accident upon Mr. **Oliver Charlick**'s Long Island Railroad—the Hunter's Point station of which was last year, but we hope no longer, a manure-yard; that by this accident one man lost his life, which is true, and that others are hopelessly maimed; that we are told the cause of the accident was the rottenness of the sleepers, and that in our judgment it is an extremely disagreeable and dangerous road—suppose we should say all this, would the Judge charge that we had libeled Mr. **Charlick**? The daughter of Mr. **Dwight** published a statement of the circumstances of her father's death, in which gross negligence upon the part of the management of the road was very evident. The conductor of that particular train was the immediate agent of the management, although he may have been, as he declares has been proved, personally innocent of the catastrophe. Comments upon culpable carelessness in management might seem, therefore, in a general way, to be libels upon him. But so they might seem to libel the President and Directors of the Road; and if the jury had so decided, the whole corrective and restraining power of the Press over the management of railroads would be lost. As a rule, railroad companies and officers have very little respect either for the safety or comfort of passengers; and if comments like those of the *Nation* should be judged libelous, the public would suffer very much more than it does now.

We hope it is not libelous to publish an extract from a letter that we have received from one of the passengers in the train that was so fearfully destroyed at Angola: "The Press and the Pulpit may talk about broken rails, wheels, and bent axles, and charge the balance to God Almighty......In my opinion there is but one cause for this horrible murder, and that is the wild and reckless manner the train was run. Had the train passed over this bridge at the rate of speed usually run over bridges on this road this awful accident would never have happened. To run trains through stations, over switches, bridges seventy-five feet high at the rate of forty miles an hour, and killing by the car-load may be innocent amusement, but I had rather not dare death in such a way." The train that was thrown from the bridge was three hours behind time. Nothing but the Press and the Courts will bring railroad management to reason.

CONNECTICUT.

The political campaign in Connecticut has opened under the best auspices. The steady stand of New Hampshire shows our friends over the border that the reaction is stayed, and that it is the height of folly to abandon a party whose principles and policy are wholly approved because of discontent with an occasional personal extravagance of opinion or expression. The people of New Hampshire knew that they must support either the policy of Congress, which is restoration of the Union upon the basis of equal rights of all the people, or the policy of the President and the Democratic party, which is the surrender of the late rebel States to that part of their people which is least friendly to the Union.

Moreover, the people of Connecticut know, as those of New Hampshire did, that the favorite candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency is Mr. **Pendleton**, who, during the war, was a secessionist, urging that the rebel States should be allowed to depart, and who now advocates repudiation of the debt which was incurred in the successful effort to prevent their departure; a debt which is held by millions of persons of moderate means all over the country, as well as in Europe; while the deliberate repudiation of it, under whatever fine name, would justly make the United States a by-word of scorn throughout the world.

The people of Connecticut also know that the first want of the country is repose, and that there can be no repose so long as the President withstands the will of the people, as expressed by their lawful representatives, and constantly stimulates the hopes of the most reckless and desperate classes in the Southern States. The necessary financial and general legislation is incessantly perplexed by the necessity of watching the President and baffling his intrigues. He declares his interpretation of the Constitution to be the only possibly correct one, and deliberately defies Congress, pressing his veto after Congress by the constitutional vote of two-thirds has passed the law. Do the people of Connecticut approve this course? Do they think that the way to peace is the Executive refusal to enforce the laws until he has at his leisure consulted the leisurely judgment of the Supreme Court? These were questions which the people of New Hampshire asked themselves, and although every kind of cajolery and coercion was brought to bear upon them, they answered that they preferred a government founded upon equal rights to the rule of a disaffected oligarchy; the national honor to swindling poor men who trusted the Government; and the national welfare, which springs from harmony in the government and intelligent loyalty among the citizens.

The Republicans of Connecticut have nominated men whose characters are worthy exponents of their principles. Mr. **Jewell**, the candidate for Governor, whose portrait we give elsewhere in this paper, is a sturdy, sagacious, honorable business man, whose interests are identified with the prosperity of his State. Mr. **Wayland**, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. **Wayland**, heir of his father's remarkable ability and stainless character. With such leaders success would be cause of general congratulation, and defeat no dishonor.

The men of Connecticut will not forget that New Hampshire was thoroughly organized and knew every voter; and that on election-day every body took care that every body else voted. The same resolution and unflinching care of details will insure the same happy result. To recover the State from the reaction, and to place it in the great line of States which is already marshaling for the general advance and jubilant triumph of next November, would be a victory which would cheer the heart of every lover of peace and justice in the land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The bill providing for the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau for one year longer was passed by the House on March 19.

The Senate, on March 20, passed a bill appropriating $150,000 to carry out a treaty with the Navajo Indians and remove them from their present location.

The various appropriation bills, embracing those for the benefit of the Post-office, Army, and Indians, were passed by the Senate on March 21.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Constitutional Conventions of North and South Carolina adjourned on March 17. Several of the Conservative members of the former refused to sign the new Constitution.

The New Jersey Republican Convention has directed its delegates to vote for General Grant as the candidate for the Presidency. The Michigan Convention favors Grant and Schuyler Colfax as the candidates for President and Vice-President.

A colored Alderman in New Orleans has brought suit against an educational convent, in $10,000, for refusing a member of his family admission to it as a scholar.

The Oregon Democratic State Convention met on March 20, nominated a candidate for Congress, and recommended Pendleton for the Presidency.

The freedmen of South Carolina are rapidly educating themselves at their own expense. There are now in the State fifty-six colored schools, twenty of which are of the higher class. There are 138 teachers—101 white and 37 colored—with an enrolled attendance of 7769 pupils, and an average actual attendance of 5854. Of the pupils, 941 are over 16 years of age, and are in different stages of advancement, a large proportion being able to read and write. The sexes are nearly equally divided, there being 3599 males, and 4170 females. Forty-one Sunday-schools have been established in connection with the day-schools, and are attended by 3271 pupils. These schools embrace only those that come under the immediate control of the Bureau. There are others, not reported, that will swell the list of pupils to nearly double the number given, or say 15,000 in round numbers. In 1860, before the war, only 20,716 children of all colors and sexes attended the public schools of South Carolina. During the past year the expense to the Bureau for educational purposes in South Carolina was $1800; but of this amount $600 has been refunded by the tuition fees paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the debate in the English House of Commons on March 17 it was stated that Fenian organizations had created alarming disaffection in a large portion of the British army serving at home. This is the most important result of Fenian operations developed thus far. Among the unfavorable results of the same agitation is the postponement of the consideration of the Irish Relief bill to the next Parliament.

The British army had come up with that of the Abyssinians under their King at Magdala, and both parties were ready for battle on March 8.

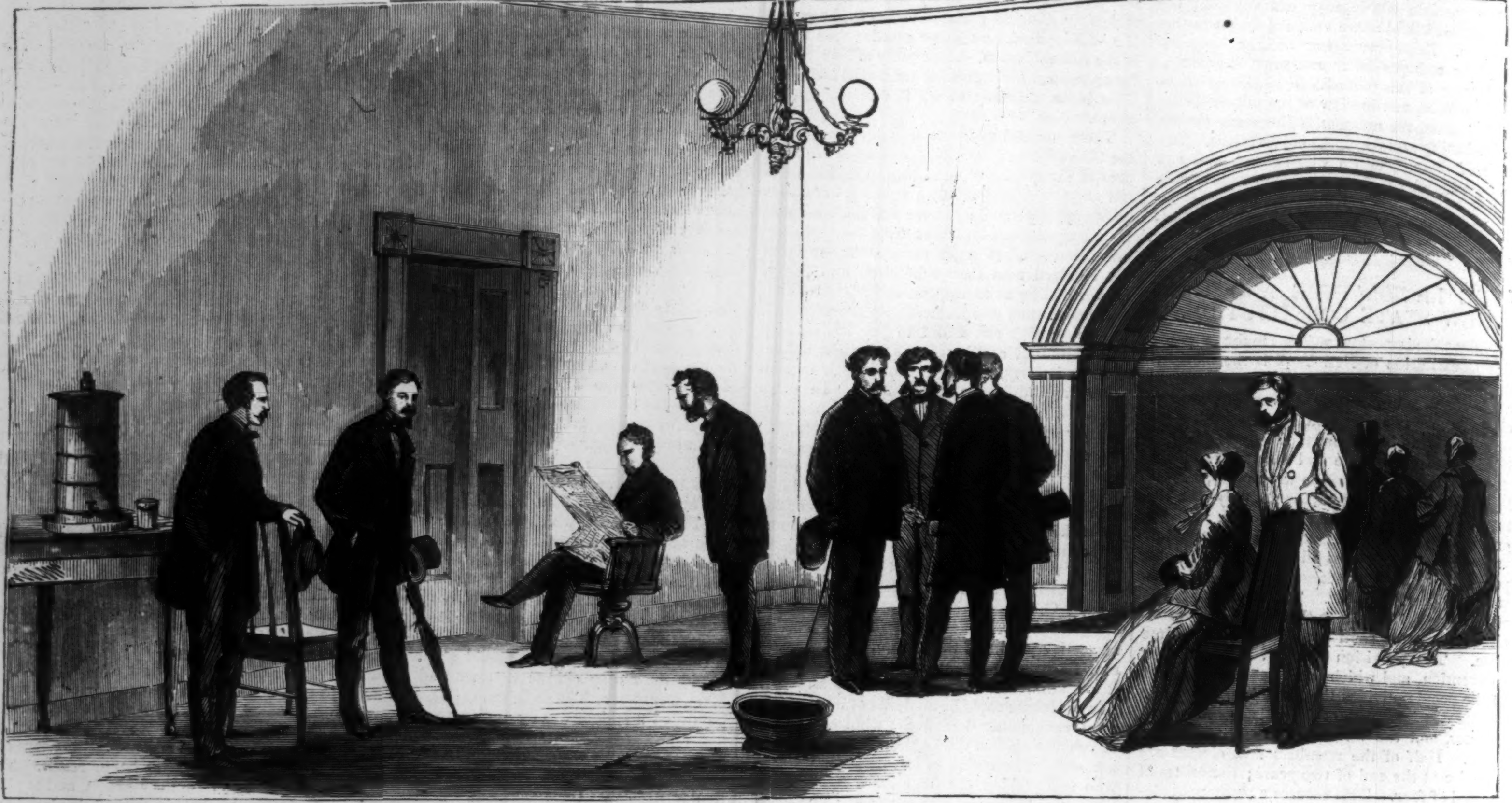
The Czar of Russia has promulgated from St. Petersburg an imperial ukase which removes the few remaining distinctions between Poland and the other provinces of the empire, obliterates all traces of Polish nationality in the political government at Warsaw, and completes the absorption of Poland into Russia as an integral portion of the empire.

Louis Napoleon has again been "snubbed:" this time by the Pope, who has rejected his proposed terms of peace between Italy and the Papal States.

The Grand Vizier of Turkey reports that Candia would be pacified were it not for the support given now and then by the Russians to small bands of insurgents.

News from Hayti to February 22, report the defeat and flight of Salnave who, only six months ago, was hailed as the saviour of Hayti, and whose reign was to be one of peace.

General Olarte, President of Panama, died suddenly at Panama on March 3, and it was supposed that he had been poisoned.



LOBBY OF THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

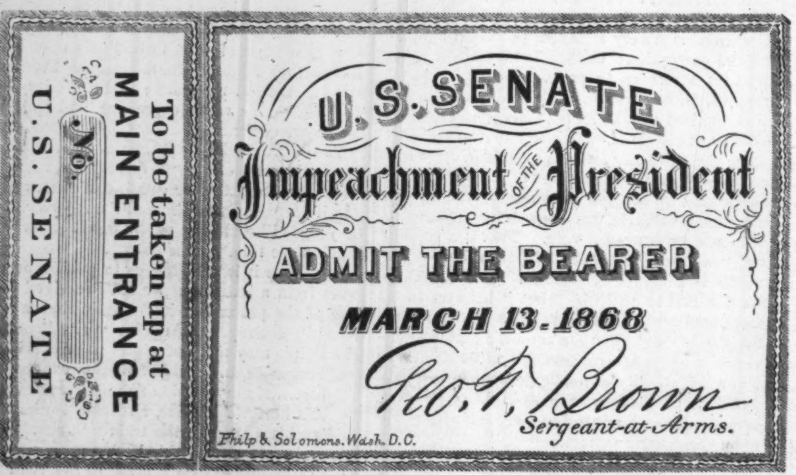
THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

In our last issue we gave an account of the summoning of President Johnson to attend his trial, and his plea before the Senate, which was made through his counsel on March 13. At that time the trial was postponed for ten days in order to give the President and his counsel time to prepare for his defense. During the intermission little of interest occurred, and the Senate reassembling as a court on March 23 the trial was at once begun. The next issue of the *Weekly* will contain full and elaborate illustrations of every important scene of this great trial. The present Number contains on this page scenes in the lobby of the White House, a fac-simile of the tickets of admission to the Senate, and an illustration of the President and his counsel making their preparations for the trial.

The lobby of the White House is always a place of interest, as it is seldom that some man of note or notoriety is not to be found dancing attendance there. Of late these halls have been less frequently attended than formerly, and one of the results of Mr. Johnson's attempted *coup-d'état* has been to show him how faithless his Southern and Democratic friends are. Most of those who are to be found lounging in the lobby awaiting admission to his presence are either individuals who have "axes to grind," or inquisitive people who wish to study the great man's looks in time of trouble.

A ticket of admission to the Senate was found absolutely necessary to the preservation of order during the trial. The Senate galleries will seat only about 900 persons, and at least 5000 persons in Washington would gladly attend daily. The rules for the trial authorized the use of the card, which we illustrate.

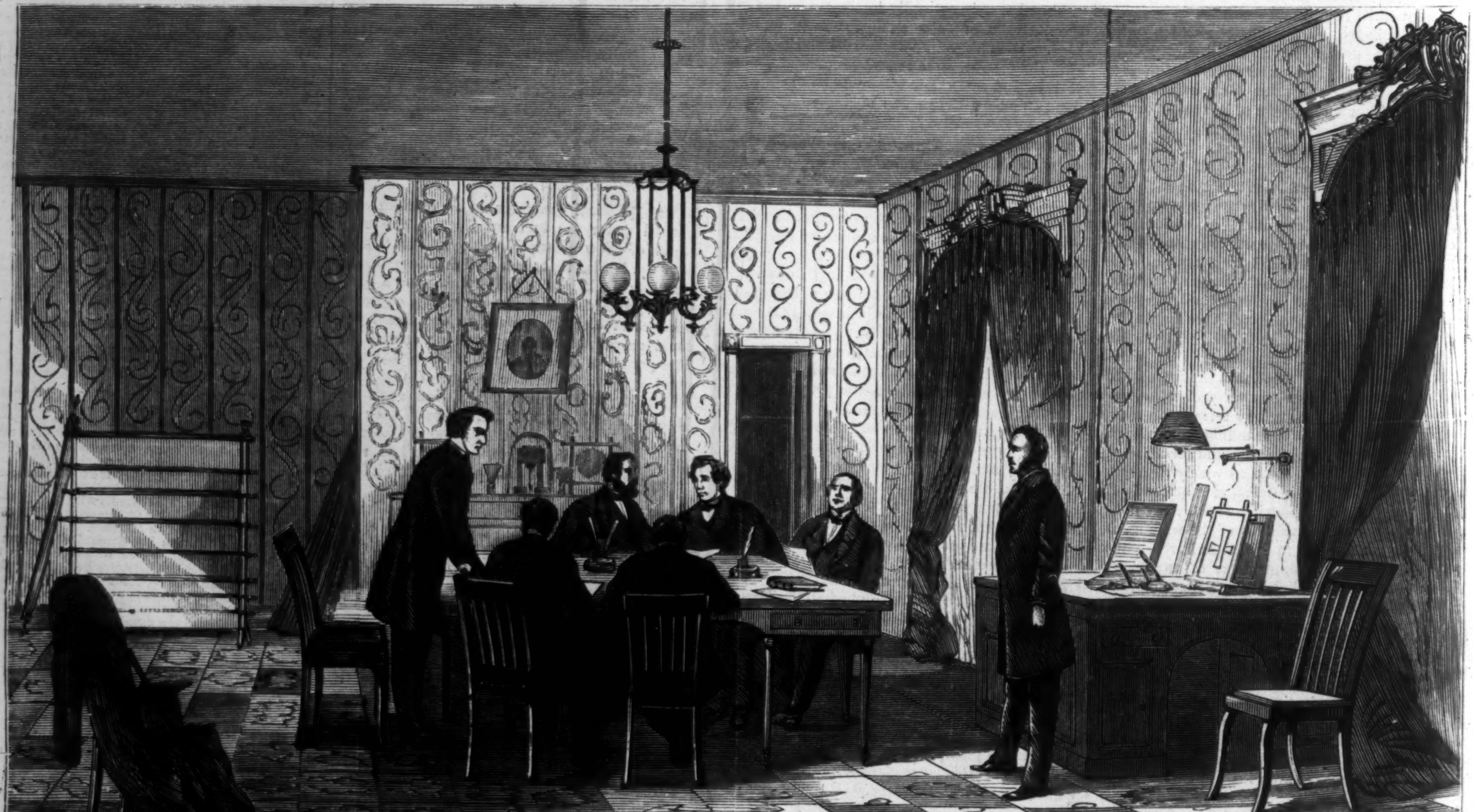
The counsel of the President, so far as has been decided upon, consists of Messrs. Henry Stanbery, Benjamin R. Curtis, J. L. Black, William M. Evarts, and Thomas A. R. Nelson. Mr. Stanbery is most famous for the peculiar arguments which he advanced to sustain one or two of the President's vetoes, and to justify his refusal to enforce the Reconstruction laws. Mr. Evarts is the only Republican employed by the President. Judge Black is called by Republican politicians at Washington the "brains of the Opposition," and his influence is recognized at the White House and the Democratic side of the House of Representatives. Mr. Nelson is from Mr. Johnson's home district.



To be taken up at
MAIN ENTRANCE
No.
U. S. SENATE

U. S. SENATE
Impeachment of the President
ADMIT THE BEARER
MARCH 13. 1868
Geo. T. Brown
Sergeant-at-Arms.
Philp & Solomons. Wash. D.C.

FAC-SIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON CONSULTING WITH HIS COUNSEL.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

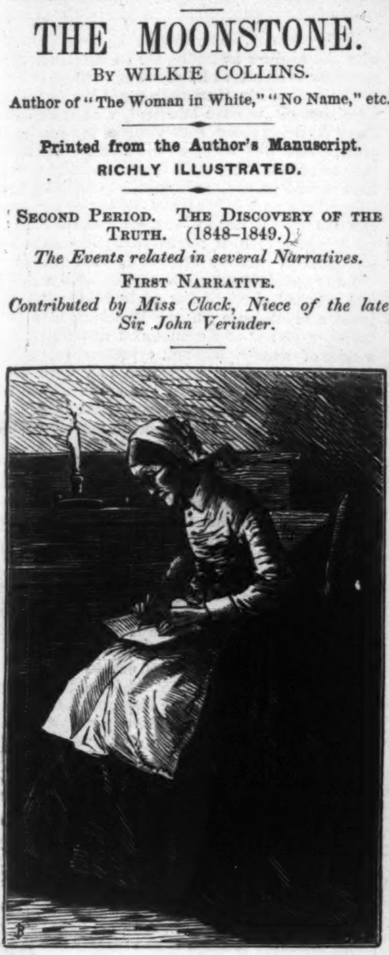
Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

Second Period. The Discovery of the Truth. (1848–1849.)

The Events related in several Narratives.

First Narrative.

Contributed by Miss Clack, Niece of the late Sir John Verinder.



CHAPTER I.

I am indebted to my dear parents (both now in heaven) for having had habits of order and regularity instilled into me at a very early age.

In that happy by-gone time I was taught to keep my hair tidy at all hours of the day and night, and to fold up every article of my clothing carefully, in the same order, on the same chair, in the same place at the foot of the bed, before retiring to rest. An entry of the day's events in my little diary invariably preceded the folding up. The Evening Hymn (repeated in bed) invariably followed the folding up. And the sweet sleep of childhood invariably followed the Evening Hymn.

In later life (alas!) the Hymn has been succeeded by sad and bitter meditations; and the sweet sleep has been but ill exchanged for the broken slumbers which haunt the uneasy pillow of care. On the other hand, I have continued to fold my clothes, and to keep my little diary. The former habit links me to my happy childhood—before papa was ruined. The latter habit—hitherto mainly useful in helping me to discipline the fallen nature which we all inherit from Adam—has unexpectedly proved important to my humble interests in quite another way. It has enabled poor Me to serve the caprice of a wealthy member of our family. I am fortunate enough to be useful (in the worldly sense of the word) to Mr. Franklin Blake.

I have been cut off from all news of the prosperous branch of the family for some time past. When we are isolated and poor we are not infrequently forgotten. I am now living, for economy's sake, in a little town in Brittany, inhabited by a select circle of serious English friends, and possessed of the advantages of a Protestant clergyman and a cheap market.

In this retirement—a Patmos amidst the howling ocean of popery that surrounds us—a letter from England has reached me at last. I find my insignificant existence suddenly remembered by Mr. Franklin Blake. My wealthy relative—would that I could add my spiritually-wealthy relative!—writes without even an attempt at disguising that he wants something of me. The whim has seized him to stir up the deplorable scandal of the Moonstone; and I am to help him by writing the account of what I myself witnessed during my sojourn at Aunt Verinder's house in London. Pecuniary remuneration is offered to me—with the want of feeling peculiar to the rich. I am to reopen wounds that Time has barely closed; I am to recall the most intensely painful remembrances—and this done, I am to feel myself compensated by a new laceration, in the shape of Mr. Blake's check. My nature is weak. It cost me a hard struggle, before Christian humility conquered sinful pride, and self-denial accepted the check.

Without my diary, I doubt—pray let me express it in the grossest terms!—if I could have honestly earned my money. With my diary, the poor laborer (who forgives Mr. Blake for insulting her) is worthy of her hire. Nothing escaped me at the time when I was staying with dear Aunt Verinder. Every thing was entered (thanks to my early training) day by day as it happened; and every thing, down to the smallest particular, shall be told here. My sacred regard for truth is (thank God) far above my respect for persons. It will be easy for Mr. Blake to suppress what may not prove to be sufficiently flattering in these pages to the person chiefly concerned in them. He has purchased my time; but not even *his* wealth can purchase my conscience too.[*]

My diary informs me that I was accidentally passing Aunt Verinder's house in Montagu Square, on Monday, 3d July, 1848.

Seeing the shutters opened, and the blinds drawn up, I felt that it would be an act of polite attention to knock and make inquiries. The person who answered the door informed me that my aunt and her daughter (I really can not call her my cousin!) had arrived from the country a week since, and meditated making some stay in London. I sent up a message at once, declining to disturb them, and only begging to know whether I could be of any use.

The person who answered the door took my message in insolent silence and left me standing in the hall. She is the daughter of a heathen old man named Betteredge—long, too long, tolerated in my aunt's family. I sat down in the hall to wait for my answer—and having always a few tracts in my bag I selected one which proved to be quite providentially applicable to the person who answered the door. The hall was dirty and the chair was hard; but the blessed consciousness of returning good for evil raised me quite above any trifling considerations of that kind. The tract was one of a series addressed to young women on the sinfulness of dress. In style it was devoutly familiar. Its title was, "A Word With You On Your Cap-Ribbons."

"My lady is much obliged, and begs you will come and lunch to-morrow at two."

I passed over the manner in which she gave her message, and the dreadful boldness of her look. I thanked this young castaway; and I said, in a tone of Christian interest, "Will you favor me by accepting a tract?"

She looked at the title. "Is it written by a man or a woman, Miss? If it's written by a woman, I had rather not read it on that account. If it's written by a man, I beg to inform him that he knows nothing about it." She handed me back the tract and opened the door. We must sow the good seed somehow. I waited till the door was shut on me, and slipped the tract into the letter-box. When I had dropped another tract through the area railings I felt relieved, in some small degree, of a heavy responsibility toward others.

We had a meeting that evening of the Select Committee of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society. The object of this excellent Charity is—as all serious people know—to rescue unredeemed fathers' trowsers from the pawnbroker, and to prevent their resumption, on the part of the irreclaimable parent, by abridging them immediately to suit the proportions of the innocent son. I was a member, at that time, of the select committee; and I mention the Society here, because my precious and admirable friend, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, was associated with our work of moral and material usefulness. I had expected to see him in the board-room on the Monday evening of which I am now writing, and had purposed to tell him when we met of dear Aunt Verinder's arrival in London. To my great disappointment he never appeared. On my expressing a feeling of surprise at his absence my sisters of the Committee all looked up together from their trowsers (we had a great pressure of business that night) and asked in amazement if I had not heard the news. I acknowledged my ignorance, and was then told for the first time of an event which forms, so to speak, the starting-point of this narrative. On the previous Friday two gentlemen—occupying widely different positions in society—had been the victims of an outrage which had startled all London. One of the gentlemen was Mr. Septimus Luker, of Lambeth. The other was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

Living in my present isolation, I have no means of introducing the newspaper-account of the outrage into my narrative. I was also deprived, at the time, of the inestimable advantage of hearing the events related by the fervid eloquence of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. All I can do is to state the facts as they were stated, on that Monday evening, to me; proceeding on the plan which I have been taught from infancy to adopt in folding up my clothes. Every thing shall be put neatly, and every thing shall be put in its place. These lines are written by a poor weak woman. From a poor weak woman who will be cruel enough to expect more?

The date—thanks to my dear parents, no dictionary that ever was written can be more particular than I am about dates—was Friday, June 30, 1848.

Early on that memorable day our gifted Mr. Godfrey happened to be cashing a check at a banking-house in Lombard Street. The name of the firm is accidentally blotted in my diary, and my sacred regard for truth forbids me to hazard a guess in a matter of this kind. Fortunately, the name of the firm doesn't matter. What does matter is a circumstance that occurred when Mr. Godfrey had transacted his business. On gaining the door he encountered a gentleman—a perfect stranger to him—who was accidentally leaving the office exactly at the same time as himself. A momentary contest of politeness ensued between them as to who should be the first to pass through the door of the bank. The stranger insisted on making Mr. Godfrey precede him; Mr. Godfrey said a few civil words; they bowed, and parted in the street.

Thoughtless and superficial people may say, Here is surely a very trumpery little incident related in an absurdly circumstantial manner. Oh, my young friends and fellow-sinners! beware of presuming to exercise your poor carnal reason. Oh, be morally tidy! Let your faith be as your stockings, and your stockings as your faith. Both ever spotless, and both ready to put on at a moment's notice!

I beg a thousand pardons. I have fallen insensibly into my Sunday-school style. Most inappropriate in such a record as this. Let me try to be worldly—let me say that trifles, in this case as in many others, led to terrible results. Merely premising that the polite stranger was Mr. Luker, of Lambeth, we will now follow Mr. Godfrey home to his residence at Kilburn.

He found waiting for him, in the hall, a poorly clad but delicate and interesting-looking little boy. The boy handed him a letter, merely mentioning that he had been intrusted with it by an old lady whom he did not know, and who had given him no instructions to wait for an answer. Such incidents as these were not uncommon in Mr. Godfrey's large experience as a promoter of public charities. He let the boy go, and opened the letter.

The handwriting was entirely unfamiliar to him. It requested his attendance, within an hour's time, at a house in Northumberland Street, Strand, which he had never had occasion to enter before. The object sought was to obtain from the worthy manager certain details on the subject of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, and the information was wanted by an elderly lady who proposed adding largely to the resources of the charity, if her questions were met by satisfactory replies. She mentioned her name, and she added that the shortness of her stay in London prevented her from giving any longer notice to the eminent philanthropist whom she addressed.

Ordinary people might have hesitated before setting aside their own engagements to suit the convenience of a stranger. The Christian Hero never hesitates where good is to be done. Mr. Godfrey instantly turned back, and proceeded to the house in Northumberland Street. A most respectable though somewhat corpulent man answered the door, and, on hearing Mr. Godfrey's name, immediately conducted him into an empty apartment at the back, on the drawing-room floor. He noticed two unusual things on entering the room. One of them was a faint odor of musk and camphor. The other was an ancient Oriental manuscript, richly illuminated with Indian figures and devices, that lay open to inspection on a table.

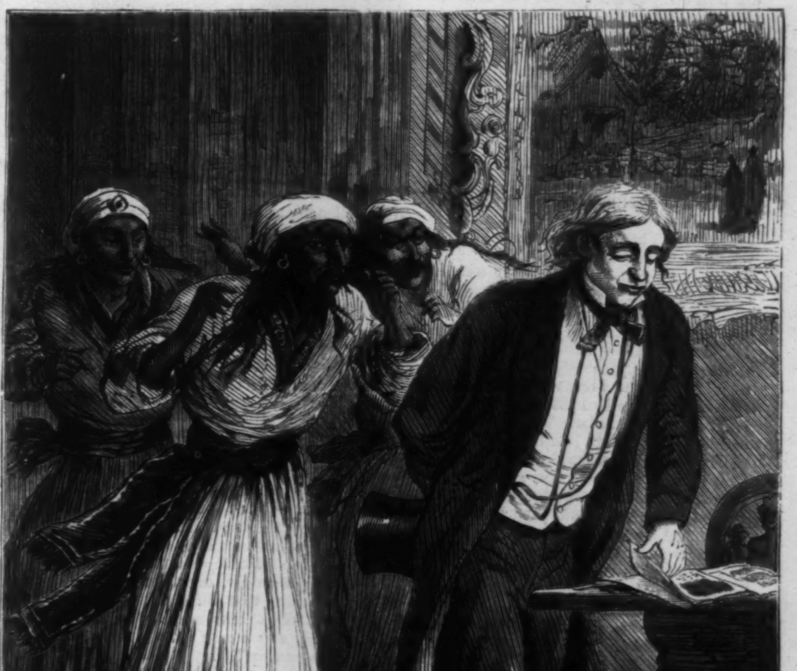
He was looking at the book, the position of which caused him to stand with his back turned toward the closed folding-doors communicating with the front-room, when, without the slightest previous noise to warn him, he felt himself suddenly seized round the neck from behind. He had just time to notice that the arm round his neck was naked and of a tawny-brown color, before his eyes were bandaged, his mouth was gagged, and he was thrown helpless on the floor by (as he judged) two men. A third rifled his pockets, and—if, as a lady, I may venture to use such an expression—searched him, without ceremony, through and through to his skin.

Here I should greatly enjoy saying a few cheering words on the devout confidence which could alone have sustained Mr. Godfrey in an emergency so terrible as this. Perhaps, however, the position and appearance of my admirable friend at the culminating period of the outrage (as above described) are hardly within the proper limits of female discussion. Let me pass over the next few moments, and return to Mr. Godfrey at the time when the odious search of his person had been completed. The outrage had been perpetrated throughout in dead silence. At the end of it some words were exchanged, among the invisible wretches, in a language which he did not understand, but in terms which were plainly expressive (to his cultivated ear) of disappointment and rage. He was suddenly lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and bound there hand and foot. The next moment he felt the air flowing in from the open door, listened and felt persuaded that he was alone again in the room.

An interval elapsed, and he heard a sound below like the rustling sound of a woman's dress. It advanced up the stairs, and stopped. A female scream rent the atmosphere of guilt. A man's voice below exclaimed, "Hullo!" A man's feet ascended the stairs. Mr. Godfrey felt Christian fingers unfastening his bandage, and extracting his gag. He looked in amazement at two respectable strangers, and faintly articulated, "What does it mean?" The two respectable strangers looked back, and said, "Exactly the question we were going to ask *you.*"

The inevitable explanation followed. No! Let me be scrupulously particular. Sal volatile and water followed, to compose dear Mr. Godfrey's nerves. The explanation came next.

It appeared, from the statement of the landlord and landlady of the house (persons of good repute in the neighborhood), that their first and second floor apartments had been engaged, on the previous day, for a week certain, by a most respectable-looking gentleman—the same who has



"WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST PREVIOUS NOISE TO WARN HIM, HE FELT HIMSELF SUDDENLY SEIZED ROUND THE NECK FROM BEHIND."

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[*] Note. *Added by Franklin Blake.*—Miss Clack may make her mind quite easy on this point. Nothing will be added, altered, or removed, in her manuscript, or in any of the other manuscripts which pass through my hands. Whatever opinions any of the writers may express, whatever peculiarities of treatment may mark, and perhaps, in a literary sense, disfigure the narratives which I am now collecting, not a line will be tampered with any where, from first to last. As genuine documents they are sent to me—and as genuine documents I shall preserve them, indorsed by the attestations of witnesses who can speak to the facts. It only remains to be added, that "the person chiefly concerned" in Miss Clack's narrative is happy enough at the present moment not only to brave the smartest exercise of Miss Clack's pen, but even to recognize its unquestionable value as an instrument for the exhibition of Miss Clack's character.

been already described as answering the door to Mr. Godfrey's knock. The gentleman had paid the week's rent and all the week's extras in advance, stating that the apartments were wanted for three Oriental noblemen, friends of his, who were visiting England for the first time. Early on the morning of the outrage two of the Oriental strangers, accompanied by their respectable English friend, took possession of the apartments. The third was expected to join them shortly; and the luggage (reported as very bulky) was announced to follow when it had passed through the Custom-house, late in the afternoon. Not more than ten minutes previous to Mr. Godfrey's visit the third foreigner had arrived. Nothing out of the common had happened, to the knowledge of the landlord and landlady down stairs, until within the last five minutes—when they had seen the three foreigners, accompanied by their respectable English friend, all leave the house together, walking quietly in the direction of the Strand. Remembering that a visitor had called, and not having seen the visitor also leave the house, the landlady had thought it rather strange that the gentleman should be left by himself up stairs. After a short discussion with her husband she had considered it advisable to ascertain whether any thing was wrong. The result had followed, as I have already attempted to describe it; and there the explanation of the landlord and the landlady came to an end.

An investigation was next made in the room. Dear Mr. Godfrey's property was found scattered in all directions. When the articles were collected, however, nothing was missing; his watch, chain, purse, keys, pocket-handkerchief, note-book, and all his loose papers had been closely examined, and had then been left unharmed to be resumed by the owner. In the same way, not the smallest morsel of property belonging to the proprietors of the house had been abstracted. The Oriental noblemen had removed their own illuminated manuscript, and had removed nothing else.

What did it mean? Taking the worldly point of view, it appeared to mean that Mr. Godfrey had been the victim of some incomprehensible error, committed by certain unknown men. A dark conspiracy was on foot in the midst of us; and our beloved and innocent friend had been entangled in its meshes. When the Christian hero of a hundred charitable victories plunges into a pitfall that has been dug for him by mistake, oh, what a warning it is to the rest of us to be unceasingly on our guard! How soon may our own evil passions prove to be Oriental noblemen who pounce on us unawares!

I could write pages of affectionate warning on this one theme, but (alas!) I am not permitted to improve—I am condemned to narrate. My wealthy relative's check—henceforth the incubus of my existence—warns me that I have not done with this record of violence yet. We must leave Mr. Godfrey to recover in Northumberland Street, and must follow the proceedings of Mr. Luker, at a later period of the day.

After leaving the bank, Mr. Luker had visited various parts of London on business errands. Returning to his own residence he found a letter waiting for him, which was described as having been left a short time previously by a boy. In this case, as in Mr. Godfrey's case, the handwriting was strange; but the name mentioned was the name of one of Mr. Luker's customers. His correspondent announced (writing in the third person—apparently by the hand of a deputy) that he had been unexpectedly summoned to London. He had just established himself in lodgings in Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road; and he desired to see Mr. Luker immediately, on the subject of a purchase which he contemplated making. The gentleman was an enthusiastic collector of Oriental antiquities, and had been for many years a liberal patron of the establishment in Lambeth. Oh, when shall we wean ourselves from the worship of Mammon! Mr. Luker called a cab, and drove off instantly to his liberal patron.

Exactly what had happened to Mr. Godfrey in Northumberland Street now happened to Mr. Luker in Alfred Place. Once more the respectable man answered the door, and showed the visitor up stairs into the back drawing-room. There, again, lay the illuminated manuscript on a table. Mr. Luker's attention was absorbed, as Mr. Godfrey's attention had been absorbed, by this beautiful work of Indian art. He too was aroused from his studies by a tawny naked arm round his throat, by a bandage over his eyes, and by a gag in his mouth. He too was thrown prostrate, and searched to the skin. A longer interval had then elapsed than had passed in the experience of Mr. Godfrey; but it had ended as before, in the persons of the house suspecting something wrong, and going up stairs to see what had happened. Precisely the same explanation which the landlord in Northumberland Street had given to Mr. Godfrey the landlord in Alfred Place now gave to Mr. Luker. Both had been imposed on in the same way by the plausible address and the well-filled purse of the respectable stranger, who introduced himself as acting for his foreign friends. The one point of difference between the two cases occurred when the scattered contents of Mr. Luker's pockets were being collected from the floor. His watch and purse were safe, but (less fortunate than Mr. Godfrey) one of the loose papers that he carried about him had been taken away. The paper in question acknowledged the receipt of a valuable of great price which Mr. Luker had that day left in the care of his bankers. This document would be useless for purposes of fraud, inasmuch as it provided that the valuable should only be given up on the personal application of the owner. As soon as he recovered himself, Mr. Luker hurried to the bank, on the chance that the thieves who had robbed him might ignorantly present themselves with the receipt. Nothing had been seen of them when he arrived at the establishment, and nothing was seen of them afterward. Their respectable English friend had (in the opinion of the bankers) looked the receipt over before they attempted to make use of it, and had given them the necessary warning in good time.

Information of both outrages was communicated to the police, and the needful investigations were pursued, I believe, with great energy. The authorities held that a robbery had been planned, on insufficient information received by the thieves. They had been plainly not sure whether Mr. Luker had, or had not, trusted the transmission of his precious gem to another person, and poor polite Mr. Godfrey had paid the penalty of having been seen accidentally speaking to him. Add to this, that Mr. Godfrey's absence from our Monday evening meeting had been occasioned by a consultation of the authorities, at which he was requested to assist—and all the explanations required being now given, I may proceed with the simpler story of my own little personal experiences in Montagu Square.

I was punctual to the luncheon-hour on Tuesday. Reference to my diary shows this to have been a checkered day—much in it to be devoutly regretted, much in it to be devoutly thankful for.

Dear Aunt Verinder received me with her usual grace and kindness. But I noticed after a little while that something was wrong. Certain anxious looks escaped my aunt, all of which took the direction of her daughter. I never see Rachel myself without wondering how it can be that so insignificant-looking a person should be the child of such distinguished parents as Sir John and Lady Verinder. On this occasion, however, she not only disappointed—she really shocked me. There was an absence of all lady-like restraint in her language and manner most painful to see. She was possessed by some feverish excitement which made her distressingly loud when she laughed, and sinfully wasteful and capricious in what she ate and drank at lunch. I felt deeply for her poor mother, even before the true state of the case had been confidentially made known to me.

Luncheon over, my aunt said: "Remember what the doctor told you, Rachel, about quieting yourself with a book after taking your meals."

"I'll go into the library, mamma," she answered. "But if Godfrey calls, mind I am told of it. I am dying for more news of him, after his adventure in Northumberland Street." She kissed her mother on the forehead, and looked my way. "Good-by, Clack!" she said, carelessly. Her insolence roused no angry feeling in me. I only made a private memorandum to pray for her.

When we were left by ourselves my aunt told me the whole horrible story of the Indian Diamond, which, I am happy to know, it is not necessary to repeat here. She did not conceal from me that she would have preferred keeping silence on the subject. But when her own servants all knew of the loss of the Moonstone, and when some of the circumstances had actually found their way into the newspapers—when strangers were speculating whether there was any connection between what had happened at Lady Verinder's country house, and what had happened in Northumberland Street and Alfred Place—concealment was not to be thought of; and perfect frankness became a necessity as well as a virtue.

Some persons, hearing what I now heard, would have been probably overwhelmed with astonishment. For my own part, knowing Rachel's spirit to have been essentially unregenerate from her childhood upward, I was prepared for whatever my aunt could tell me on the subject of her daughter. It might have gone on from bad to worse till it ended in Murder; and I should still have said to myself, The natural result! oh, dear, dear, the natural result! The one thing that *did* shock me was the course my aunt had taken under the circumstances. Here surely was a case for a clergyman, if ever there was one yet! Lady Verinder had thought it a case for a physician. All my poor aunt's early life had been passed in her father's godless household. The natural result again! Oh, dear, dear, the natural result again!

"The doctor recommends plenty of exercise and amusement for Rachel, and strongly urges me to keep her mind as much as possible from dwelling on the past," said Lady Verinder.

"Oh, what heathen advice!" I thought to myself. "In this Christian country, what heathen advice!"

My aunt went on: "I do my best to carry out the doctor's instructions. But this strange adventure of Godfrey's happens at a most unfortunate time. Rachel has been incessantly restless and excited since she first heard of it. She left me no peace till I had written and asked my nephew Ablewhite to come here. She even feels an interest in the other person who was roughly used—Mr. Luker, or some such name—though the man is, of course, a total stranger to her."

"Your knowledge of the world, dear aunt, is superior to mine," I suggested, diffidently. "But there must be a reason surely for this extraordinary conduct on Rachel's part. She is keeping a sinful secret from you and from every body. May there not be something in these recent events which threatens her secret with discovery?"

"Discovery?" repeated my aunt. "What can you possibly mean? Discovery through Mr. Luker? Discovery through my nephew?"

As the word passed her lips a special providence occurred. The servant opened the door, and announced Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

THE SQUIRE'S TEMPER-TRAP.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

That Taffey was a Welshman no one who had ever made an attempt to spell the locality in which he had been born and bred would venture to deny. But we can accompany the lyrist no further. Taffey was not a "thief." The piece of beef which formed his Sunday's dinner was not pilfered from *my* house nor any body else's. Taffey stole nothing but the hearty good-will and liking of every body that knew him. He was a swarthy fellow, on working-days, as you would desire to see; but when he came out on the Sabbath, close-shaven, and in a shirt as white as his own conscience, looking a Michaelmas daisy (his wife never permitted any thing of a more exciting nature until after morning service), there are, I am warranted in saying, dukes—I repeat the expression, *dukes*—who have appeared to less advantage.

Taffey was, in fact, a blacksmith. The science of farriage (if there is no such word, there ought to be) was held to have attained its climax in the school of Taffey. Until nature should remodel hoofs, art could do no more to supply her deficiencies. His plates might be worn till nothing remained between the wearer's hoofs and the hard Welsh roads but a wafer bright as silver, bendable into a double ring for your wife's little finger, yet they were never lost nor loosened. It was an often-quoted saying of the squire's (uttered, if you please, in a moment of enthusiasm, but never formally recanted), that if he, Theophilus Hurbandine, of Llbwyddcoed, in the shire of Flint, resided habitually in Grosvenor Square, he would, nevertheless, send down every horse in his stable to be shod, as usual, by Edward Taffey.

Taffey loved his business. Business returned his affection. That shed of his was never vacant for half an hour together.

"Bless the brutes! Wheer they comes from *I* do' know—nather why they comes to *me* so thick," would Taffey remark, sweeping the moisture from his brow with the dingy turban formed by his tucked-up sleeve. And still the stamping of impatient hoofs and switching of uneasy tails went on from morning till night; the fire never ceasing its roar, the little crowd of idlers round the half-door of the forge never diminishing, until boys stood in their fathers' places with their fingers, like those fathers', in their mouths—their eyes carrying on the wink at the sparkling fount of fire into another generation.

It will be readily believed that Taffey was a man well-to-do. Blacksmiths, when not given to drink, are almost always thriving men. So, I have observed, are millers. And whereas, nine times in ten, according to statistics about to be taken, your miller has a lovely child with blue eyes and a skin white as her father's meal-sacks, so, in this instance, our blacksmith had a blooming daughter, with a cheek as brown as, though considerably smoother than, that of her sire.

Katy was the prettiest girl known of from Llbwyddcoed to Abertlhery. Her hair was of the color of the horse-chestnut fresh from his rough green over-coat; and, with regard to the blush with which, among many other pretty things, she returned from market excursions, on something that resembled a bale of bearskins on castors, but was popularly believed to be a pony within—as touching, I say, that blush, I can only aver that, were I a woman, I would rather wear that natural rose for six months certain than be turned out, beautiful forever from the hands of the most accomplished dispenser of loveliness that ever compounded a Bond Street wash.

Next to her Hebe face, and when you had sufficiently admired her lithe supple figure, you would probably find yourself attracted by Katy's foot—not so much on account of the fascination of a pair of bright steel buckles once the property of her grandmother, which it was her whim to wear, as of the symmetry of the member they adorned, and the light decisive tread, displaying a grace no dancing-mistress could have taught. Katy was graceful from her very cradle. The folks about her admired before they knew why.

As she grew up, this peculiar grace—it was almost dignity—of manner and movement procured her the title of "my lady," invented, it was believed, by her father himself; and by this she was generally known, it being considered merely anticipative of what was to follow. Fairy godmothers have still adherents in Wales, and it was an article of faith with a large portion of Katy's friends that the benignant influence which had conferred such attractive gifts upon "my lady" in infancy, would in due course bring forward the expectant prince or other eminent person destined to claim Katy for his bride.

The pew tenanted by the family of Mr. Taffey being situated just within the porch of the little village church, its occupants were usually among the first who issued forth. But they were too well held and popular to be suffered to escape thus easily. Overtaken and surrounded, pleasant were the conversations that ensued around a certain stile at which Mr. Taffey's Sunday route diverged from the general way, and led across the meadows toward a little farm he rented from the squire, Mr. Hurbandine aforesaid.

Many were the greetings from the passers-by, and none more cordial than from the squire himself, who, walking between his handsome haughty-looking sons, suspended a rather animated conversation in which he was engaged with the elder, in order to exchange a word of kindness with his humble friend.

"Trot up to the place to-morrow, Taffey, if you have half an hour to spare," he turned to add, "and speak to me about Ten-Tree Meadow. Never mind Hardham; you and I will settle the matter between us."

Taffey bowed, but, though he was pleased with the squire's affability, his countenance was somehow overcast, as he gazed after them.

The sons of Mr. Hurbandine, of Llbwyddcoed, were thought to have inherited, with their mother's patrician blood, something of her patrician pride. She was a Vere-Vavasour. To have been at once a Vere *and* a Vavasour might well have turned an ordinary brain. Something had affected the poor lady's; and, as one of her fancies was that her veins were filled with the brightest Prussian blue, it might be fairly concluded that pride of ancestry was not devoid of blame.

Lady Geraldine was now at rest with a select and polished circle of her exalted line, who enjoyed a mausoleum all to themselves, in a picturesque corner of the ancestral domain, where a rank of stately yews and cypresses, representing the stalwart lackeys who had once kept aloof the tide of common humanity, shut carefully out the vulgar little ivy-covered church, to which were merely intrusted the marble virtues and granite honors of the departed V. V.'s.

The squire was a good squire; and, shunning none of those mysterious responsibilities wealth is supposed to bring, lived much among his tenantry, and made his forty thousand a year as serviceable to the interests of the land and its cultivators as his lights permitted. Of course he was in Parliament—a back-bone conservative, and—need it be added?—voted with his diminishing party like a man. Reports are silent as to any oratorical display. Why? He had a weakness so great as to be little short of calamity—that of giving way to gusts of sudden passion, terrible in their intensity, and rendered more grievous to witness by the disproportion to them of the exciting cause. These paroxysms were fortunately very rare, and the poor squire's subsequent remorse, not to mention the profuse liberality with which he strove to atone in some measure for the wrongs his passion had inflicted, went far toward reconciling those about him to the occasional interruption of harmony.

Lady Geraldine was the only magician who could control these paroxysms. This was not by reason of her exalted rank. The squire had no particular aversion to Vere-Vavasours, and made many of the race welcome to his halls; but he saw no more in them than ordinary (sometimes *very* ordinary) gentlemen, and treated Jack Hornidge, whose genius resided exclusively in a profound judgment of "beasts," with the same distinction that was paid to the most illustrious of Lady Geraldine's lineage.

In the very height of the squire's fury his lady had been seen to raise her thin, white hand without a word. As if stunned with the dint of some fell weapon, her husband would reel back, his hands unclenched, the fire dying out of his eyes, the fierce invective faltering into silence. None understood the spell, for even Prussian blue has its virtues, and Lady Geraldine suffered none to see that when, in lifting her hand, the bracelet slid back, it revealed a white scar. In the first passionate outburst after their marriage Hurbandine had seized his wife's arm with such inconsiderate violence that her bracelet, unclasping, cut into the delicate flesh, causing a painful wound and an indelible scar. *This* was the remembrance that, in moments of the most unreasoning fury, could strike down the manly squire, shocked, shamed, discomfited.

Hence was it that the Lady Geraldine, with all her pride, was a favorite with those who saw how promptly this soothing influence was exercised at need; and when it was the poor lady's fate to become, as we have said, insane, the loss of her benign interposition was felt by not a few. For tempers are quick in Wales, and not even the respect due to a landlord could always overcome the resentment excited by that landlord's bearing in his hurricanous rages.

When the squire and his sons passed them, as described, the younger, Rochford, had joined in his sire's greeting, with the addition of a rather saucy smile and a glance, a trifle more prolonged than was absolutely necessary, at the blushing Katy. As to his brother, he had neither bowed nor looked, but strode haughtily forward, hardly checked by his father's momentary pause.

"Something wrong with the squire again," remarked Mr. Taffey, moodily, as he turned away. "Wants a nail somewheer. 'Tis Mr. Rochford, I'm afeerd."

"Well, now, I don't think there's so much harm in *him*," said Mrs. Taffey, on whose frank, pleasant face an expression of reproach or suspicion looked so little at home that it was instantly detected. "I declare to goodness, no. A nicer-mannered, freer-spoken, merrier-laughed—"

"Hallo! here's a bust of elokence!" ejaculated Mr. Taffey, stopping short, the more conveniently to admire the speaker. "Why, Maggie, you've been a-borrerin of David Apreece! You're a good creeter, and never censors any body. Consekently, when you *has* to find fault, you does it by praising thissen too much, and saying nuthen, or less, o' *that*'n. That's how *I* reads you," added Mr. Taffey, triumphantly, for his one vanity was a (supposed) gift of divining character. "And who is *that*'n? Why who could it be but Mr. Gerald? And what's *he* done for to offend you? That's how *I* reads it," concluded the worthy smith, with, it must be owned, less point than usual, his interrogative look proving that he did not read it all.

"I never said he done any thing," replied his wife; "I only said, Ed'ard, that a nicer-mannered, freer-spoken, merrier-l—"

"I knows wot you *said*," retorted Mr. Taffey. "Question is, wot you *didn't* say! Freer-spoken! He's a—trot on, a little, Katy, my pet—deuced deal *too* free with some of us, specially such as weers caps and ribbings. Merry! Course he is. 'Tis a joke to *him;* that's how *I* reads it. He'd better take to another line o' business, and not be hanging s' much about the village, turning the heads— Did you see your nice-mannered gent making eyes at—at *that*'n?" (Mr. Taffey gulped something, and shot out his brawny fist in the direction of Katy's twinkling heels) "making the lass turn as red's a peony!"

"I saw it, but I'm not afeerd," said the mother. "She don't like it. That's all."

"When I was young," observed Mr. Taffey, "when a young 'oman turned as red's a rose, she *did* like it."

"It's not him—Mr. Rochford. There!" said his wife, "I outs with it. Why, you blessed old babby! can't you see? It's Mr. Gerald!"

"Whe-ee-ew!" whistled the student of character; "here's a kittle full! And very hockard fishes they be. Coom, how is it all, old 'oman? Queer that I, as reads things quicker than most, shouldn't have put my finger on what *you* sees! The girl's took by that haughty, stuck-up fellow, wot despises his own father 'cos he wan't born a lord? Is *that* it?"

"Well, that's a little of it," replied his wife. "I don't think but 'tis all on his side. Why, when they passed, just now, the young squire didn't give her so much as a look!"

"*I* see. Do you think, old 'oman, nobody has eyes in their heads but *you?* He doon't care a rusty nail for her. That's how I reads it," said Mr. Taffey.

"You reads it upside down, then," replied his helpmate; "or p'raps you doon't read far enough. That means, he *do* like the girl; that he's afeerd of's father; that Mr. Rochford knows it, and likes to let the child *see* he does. Then, they do say that Mr. Rochford an't best friends with his brother. Now, *he's* the squire's favorite, and if there come any terrible to-do between the father and t'other, which's temper's as bad, one as t'other," explained Mrs. Taffey, "Mr. Rochford might come for to be squire; and if Katy—"

"That's like readin' to the end of the vollum, and a little furder," replied Mr. Taffey. "Well, well, the long and short of it's this: I 'ont have these town swells—no, narrer one of 'em, squire or lord—a-dancing 'bout our Katy. I'm going up to squire's to-morrow—you heerd'n ask me—about Ten-tree Meadow, and if I don't tell'n—"

"Never be such a noggerhead!" exclaimed his wife, in great alarm. "Squire have been very bad lately, that's certain. Something have gone wrong, making his furies worse than they was ever know'd to be. Nobody's sure of him, poor gentleman. One moment as smooth as butter, the next like a mad thing. Don't think of speaking to him—now don't ye, Edward."

"Take the admonition, oh vicine (that is, oh my neighbor, whence 'vicinity')," piped a small voice at Mr. Taffey's elbow. It was that of Mr. David Morgan Apreece, the village schoolmaster. "Isn't she your 'placens uxor?'"

"Well, she's summot in that line o' business," replied Mr. Taffey, guardedly; "'specially when the wind's nor'east. We was just talking of the squire. My missis have heerd he's been in his tempers, horrid."

"Let him get another wife," said Mr. Apreece.

"A wife!"

"While my lady lived," continued the schoolmaster, "the squire's tantrums were few, and over directly. They never got beyond *her*. She caught 'em, like rats, or such vermin, and turned 'em out where they couldn't hurt any body. My wife called her the squire's temper-trap."

"I've *seen* her shut him up," said Mr. Taffey, "in less than half a jiffy! She only up with her hand. Curiousest thing I ever see! I wanted to try it on my missis, but she doon't give a man a chance."

"Get the squire married, and all's right again," said Mr. Apreece.

"Well, I'm a-goin' up to hall to-morrow," said Mr. Taffey, "and, if squire asks my opinion on the pint o' marriage I'll give't him hot and strong. I can't begin the subject, 'cos it doon't belong to Ten-tree Meadow!"

"Do your best, then," said Mr. Apreece, laughing. "Here I must leave you, neighbors."

CHAPTER II.

As they neared the little farm-house, a figure that had been dimly noticed flitting—let us rather say lurking—among the trees came to light, in the stalwart person of young Thomas Fullafield. Even in his well-brushed velveteen coat, and waistcoat of a pattern so rich and varied that it might have passed for an attempt to epitomize the flora of South Wales, Thomas looked every cubic inch the lout he was. That he was in love with Katy, and had as much hope of winning her as of allying himself with the reigning house of Britain, was written legibly upon his broad face.

Sharp-sighted Mrs. Taffey probably knew *that*, and, if she did not warn off the unlucky Thomas, her reasons were threefold. The matter had not been presented to her official notice. The attempt by a person of Mr. Fullafield's mental calibre and general style to win such a fay as Katy deserved all the punishment disappointment could entail. Finally, the rumor that sturdy Thomas Fullafield, whose fistic prowess was county-wide, was keeping company (or persuading himself that he did so) with Katy Taffey, was serviceable in warning off many troublesome youths inclined to venture too near that pretty Catherine-wheel.

Thomas, however, was human. He was also practical. Unlike those troubadours who preferred obdurate mistresses—else what would become of their melodious despair?—Mr. Fullafield saw no fun in unrequited passion. He had now been for nearly two years dancing—or, to speak more accurately, prowling—about Miss Taffey. Jokes, he had reason to apprehend, were being cut at his expense. Thomas had resolved to bring matters to a crisis of some sort; and, accordingly, throwing an extra amount of splendor into his attire, and of sullenness (meant for determination) into his broad visage, he marched, as we have seen, upon the foe.

At the first sight of the van-guard—Katy—Thomas was thrown into such disorder that he fell back upon the plantation, but, rallying, was the first to commence the action.

"Mornin', Miss."

"Good-morning, Mr. Thomas," said Katy, showing her pearly teeth in such wise that Thomas's teeth danced in his head. "You'll dine with us? Father's just behind." And she vanished into the house.

Thomas encountered the main body with his usual duck and salutation.

"Mornin', Mrs. Taffey. Mornin', Mr. Taffey."

Greetings exchanged, Mrs. Taffey remarked (as though his coming were a matter of course), "You'll take a snap with us, Mr. Thomas?" And, without waiting for an answer, followed her daughter.

A dreadful feeling that this one, of many "snaps," might be his final one in that house kept Mr. Fullafield silent for a moment, when the smith said:

"The women woon't be ready yet a while. Coom and look at the cow-'us I've run up t'other side the slush."

Thomas glanced at his own apparel, and thought that this agreeable excursion might have been more happily timed. There's a season for every thing. Slush and a cow-house are excellent things in their way, but do not harmonize well with an exalted condition of mind; nor is their aroma, though healthy, suggestive of tender and poetic sentiment. But the opportunity was too good to be lost. The two gentlemen walked away.

Thomas's great pale blue eyes would have opened wider still had he known that the cow-'us was a myth, and the smith no more intent than himself on soiling his Sunday boots in the locality he had described. Mr. Fullafield had been the last subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Taffey, as they concluded their walk; and the former, like Thomas, had taken a resolution. Mr. Fullafield had been enough "about the place," and the worthy smith, who knew his daughter's feeling, and drew a wide distinction between an honest, though misplaced, affection, and a fine-gentleman caprice for a rustic beauty, resolved to warn off Thomas, for his own good, as he would have done the squire's sons, in Katy's interests.

Both strode on for a moment in silence. Then Thomas, fearing that the slush, to which they were undoubtedly approaching, might interfere with the dialogue, commenced it.

It was a peculiarity, well-known to his friends, that though Thomas might have been in conversation with one of them for an hour, he always commenced any new and interesting topic with a repetition of the morning greeting; consequently,

"Mornin', feother," said Thomas.

"Mornin', Thomas," responded Mr. Taffey; then making, so to speak, a butt at the subject, added, "but I'm not thy feother, nor an't like to be."

"Now, don't ye say that," said Thomas, in a choky voice.

"I say 't, and I mean 't; and 'tis for your sake I doos say 't," returned his companion. "Come now, my lad, here's good two year you've been tryin' to put the shoe upon the wrong horse, and she won't have it at no price."

"That ben't fair, I do say," said Thomas, warmly. "I've called you feother 'fore her face, and she never—"

"If you'd called me your grandmother 'twould ha' been all the same," replied the plain-spoken smith. "Katy wean't ha' none o' thee."

"If Mrs. Taffey and yourself was to—"

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Taffey, halting suddenly. "Putt the twitch on Katy to make her marry the man she don't want? Not if I knows it. Now, lad, I doon't want to quar'l wi' thee. 'Twas natteral thou liked'st our lass—equal natteral she didn't take to *thee;* for though there be a kist o' good in thee, when one gets at it, thou'rt a bit thick in the rind. When Katy marries, 'twill be somethin' different from thee. Coom, now, you says to yourself, 'Taffey's right,' you says. 'I'll go wheer I'll be cared about, and be looked up to, and be made much of, and have trouble took concernin','" concluded Mr. Taffey, argumentatively. "That's how *I* reads you."

Mr. Fullafield did not answer. His chin had sunk upon his breast, and his eyes were fixed upon his gorgeous waistcoat. It seemed to him that even the unconscious garment had been affected by the shock, and that the roses and sunflowers shot up a lurid, angry glow, as if they said, "Thomas, Thomas, was it for *this* that such as we were wrought and worn?"

What other thoughts passed through his brain we (who have been singularly successful in attachments) can not say. But when Thomas did look up, his face was such that the stout smith involuntarily recoiled, and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter! nothing," said Thomas, with a grin.

"Nothin' don't turn a man the color of a biled turnip!" remarked Mr. Taffey. "Coom, my lad, take't like a man. No need, 'cause you can't marry our Katy, that we shouldn't be good neighbors," said the worthy smith. "Coom, let's trot home. I think we needn't go to the cow-'ouse?"

"I think not," said Mr. Fullafield.

"Then coom to dinner."

"I've had dinner enow for one day," replied Thomas. And the expression that had shocked the smith came back into his face. Mr. Taffey did not press his invitation.

At the turn up to the farm-house they parted.

"You'll coom up to forge to-morrow, lad, with a smile on your face, 'stead of a glower like bottled thunder; and you'll say, 'All right, Taffey, *you* know'd best.' That's how I reads *you*," said the smith. "But don't coom early. I'm going up to squire's."

The other turned round suddenly.

"Going up to squire's! What for?"

"That's tellin'," replied Mr. Taffey, jocosely, and without any real desire to make a mystery of it. "P'raps about a meadow, or—or marriage," he added, smiling, as the suggestion of the little schoolmaster occurred to him.

Young Fullafield looked at him fixedly for an instant, then, without speaking, turned and walked away.

"Going to squire's? To talk o' marriage?" he muttered. "Whose marriage? *Her'n?* They call her 'my lady,' and they 'spect to make her one. I'll spoil *that* game." And Thomas shot back at the farm where his lost love was innocently boiling leeks for the Sunday dinner a glance so fiery that it might have ignited the thatch above her.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Taffey, on presenting himself next morning at the hall, was shown into the study. The squire had been walking up and down for some minutes. Now and then he would pause to scowl upward at one or other of the Vere-Vavasours that adorned the wall, whose self-complacent but rather vacant faces returned the look with delightful indifference. There was another picture, a gay, gallant wooing, or affecting to woo, a peasant girl, and this appeared to be a favorite of Mr. Hurbandine's; for, as he gazed, the hard expression faded from his countenance, and gave way to an approving smile.

"Ten-tree Meadow is yours from Lady-day," he called out the moment Mr. Taffey's nose was visible within the door. "That's settled. Now come and look at *this*."

Mr. Taffey looked, and expressed his decided opinion that the young lady was a nice, modest-mannered young woman, sure enough, while the gentleman showed a good fall in the back, and blood (he thought) about the pasterns.

"Right, Taffey," said the squire. "He *had* blood, and, booby as he looks, was a gentleman, which is more," he muttered, "than I would say of all his kin. He lost, to Miss Sukey Bubbs, the cotter's daughter, his heart, which was supposed to be about the size of a marrow-fat pea. But it proved bigger; he married her."

"Good luck to 'em!" cried the honest smith, as cordially as if the pair had been just starting on their wedding-tour. "They was happy, I hope, Sir?"

"Merry as grasshoppers their livelong days," said the squire. "They've been dead these fifty years; but all the fun of the family died out of it with Sukey Bubbs, that is, Lady Vavasour, the cotter's daughter. They've been a dull lot since, proud as peacocks, and as worthless," he added, sinking his voice as before. "Our blood is *too* good, Taffey; there's the secret of it."

"Well, I don't think but *that* perpetiwal breeding in-and-in an't no good in the end," remarked the smith. "A cross that do give substance—"

"That's a nice-browed lassie of yours, Taffey," said the squire, suddenly changing his topic.

"So I've heerd 'm say," returned the smith, trying to look as if he hadn't quite made up his own mind on the subject.

"Blue eyes and cherry lips are rather abundant in our neighborhood, I think," continued Mr. Hurbandine. "My wife used to tell me the Llbwyddcoed girls were as good and modest as they were pretty."

"They 'as good mothers," said Mr. Taffey, significantly. "That's how I reads it."

"Right. They can not be too careful. Danger's every where," remarked the squire. "These young fellows, boy-guardsmen and the like, who do me the honor to come down, with my sons, to recruit their exhausted frames with wholesome food and twelve o'clock bed, won't disdain to chuck a country chin."

"It's werry kind of 'em, I'm sure, squire!" said Mr. Taffey, his eyes glistening with his own warm speech.

"Kind!"

"Seeing 'tis a game we don't play at in these parts," explained the smith; and guardsmen's heads an't quite so hard as our fists, if they come to disagree."

"You speak warmly. Have you any thing to complain of in that way?" demanded the squire.

"Yes, Sir, I have," was the frank reply. But then he hesitated.

"Out with it, man!" said Mr. Hurbandine, his face assuming the expression recognized as indicative of an approaching "squall."

While Mr. Taffey still stood, silently debating whether he would speak what was in his mind or no, the squire pointed to a writing-table.

"Look at those scrawls. Do you know the hand? No," he continued, hastily; and, striding across the room, he crumpled up the letters, and flung them in a heap on the fire. "Look you, Taffey, sundry nameless individuals, whose pothooks it has cost me an hour's labor to decipher, accuse me of sanctioning (I presume, by my non-interference) acts of impertinence and intrusion on the part of my London guests—my sons, I take it, included—which, if persisted in, may lead to painful consequences, and, at the least, engender feelings the very reverse of those which have hitherto happily subsisted between the tenantry and the hall. This, in plain English, and with a certain regard to grammar and significance, is the purport of the letters I have destroyed. Tell me all about it."

"'Tan't such as I *can* tell, squire," replied Mr. Taffey. "Howsoever, what I doos know I'll say. First place, I can't make out who's been and written them letters. There's not many of us as doos much in that way, 'cept my wissiney."

"Your what?"

"My neighbor," translated Mr. Taffey, "David Apreece. It wan't him. He an't the man for to write any thing he 'oodn't put his name to; and in very big letters, too, specially his capital A's. It's a great thing, squire, is hedication."

Mr. Hurbandine admitted that it had its advantageous side; but, at present, willed Mr. Taffey to keep to the point. Had he, or not, reason to believe that the villagers had taken offense at some indiscretion on the part of the visitors at the hall? And what did he, Taffey, mean by saying that he himself had cause to complain?

Thus urged, the smith blurted out the truth.

It so happened that the valley and hamlet of Llbwyddcoed were, as the squire had hinted, rather celebrated for the beauty of the rustic damseldom. Many, down to the lowest cottage class, boasted respectable descent; and all, as is noticeable in parts of the principality, showed tokens of a haughty and independent spirit, especially toward those who used them with what they regarded as undue familiarity. The manly squire approved and fostered this feeling; and nothing was more calculated to evoke his anger than any complaint like those addressed to him by his anonymous correspondents. We can not be surprised that Mr. Taffey, aware of this, confessed, with a reluctance and embarrassment unusual with him, that there *was* something in the alleged grievance that needed to be put to rights. Gentlemen of polished aspect, with whiskers of paly gold, shooting-coats of fashionable design, and highly condescending manners, had discovered picturesque beauties in the little hamlet, which had escaped less observant visitors. A lounge and a smoke in the immediate purlieus of Llbwyddcoed had grown to be an apparent necessity with the squire's male guests. Familiarity with danger leads to contempt of it. Despite their habitual reserve and self-respect, the rustic belles soon began to notice, without alarm, the Honorable Tom Castleton's singular predilection for hollyhocks, and receive, without resentment, my young Lord Leatherhead's humble request for information respecting the manufacture of goats'-milk cheese. What harm could there possibly be in youths who, even in depraved London, could maintain a pure and healthy affection for hollyhocks and cheese? We need not follow up the story pace by pace. The curly whisker and the flattering tongue carried the day—until, on the part of fathers, brothers, and sweet-hearts, jealousy and distrust succeeded to gratified pride. There had been one or two serious disturbances; and it was understood, in the village, that, among other individuals "cautioned," my Lord Leatherhead had been openly requested to complete his dairy education elsewhere; while the Honorable Tom Castleton was in the receipt of almost daily invitations of a pugilistic character, which it had become exceedingly difficult to decline.

Such was the substance of Mr. Taffey's representations, which could scarcely have been given in his own words, without retarding the narrative. As he spoke, the gloom deepened on his hearer's face, and a lurid gleam, as the squire raised his eyes for an instant and dropped them again, showed that a storm-burst was at hand. He was striving against his own rising passion.

"You—you spoke of yourself, Taffey," he said, in a stifled voice. "Let me understand that none of these lisping jack-puddings have insulted *her*—your pretty Katy, I mean?"

The smith's forehead flushed. He hesitated.

"Speak out, man!" said the squire. (An idea seemed to flash upon him.) "My sons! Do they—does either of them—dare—? I see it *is* so. *Which?*" he thundered, starting up.

His imperious tone roused the spirit of the sturdy smith.

"Mr. Rochford, then," he shouted, in a voice as loud as the squire's, "since you *must* have it. He's dawdling and dodging about our place more than I and my missis like—or the girl, either, for that matter. I was thinking of speaking to one or t'other of you; and now you've heerd it, why, take notice on it."

And Mr. Taffey caught up his hat.

Nothing checks a man's passion more effectually than the unexpectedly finding his interlocutor in a greater passion still.

The squire grew pale and quiet, and re-seated himself in his chair.

"Leave me now, my man. Go, my old friend," he continued, quickly. "I will see to this matter. There shall be no more cause of complaint. I have known your pretty Katy as the best-behaved, as she is the prettiest, girl in all the county. She and I have been friends from her cradle. Sukey Bubbs—Lady Vavasour, I mean—must have been Katy herself at fifteen. No fopling that bears my name, and is ashamed of it, shall turn *her* pretty head, and torment her innocent heart, for the amusement of an idle hour! Leave it to me."

"'Twas as precious near a blow up between us as ever I see," thought Mr. Taffey, as he walked home; "but I've shod'n nicely all round, and he'll do for a while. Squire's not so wicious, and tenderer in the mouth than he was—leastwise, with a good hand upon him. Hallo! School up already, wissiney?" he added, as the little schoolmaster skipped across the road and joined him.

"We begin betimes, you see," said Mr. Apreece. "'Diluculo surgere,' you know."

"No great luck in going to a surgery, I should think," remarked Mr. Taffey.

"You've arranged that matter with the squire?" inquired the schoolmaster, with a smile.

"What matter, wissiney?"

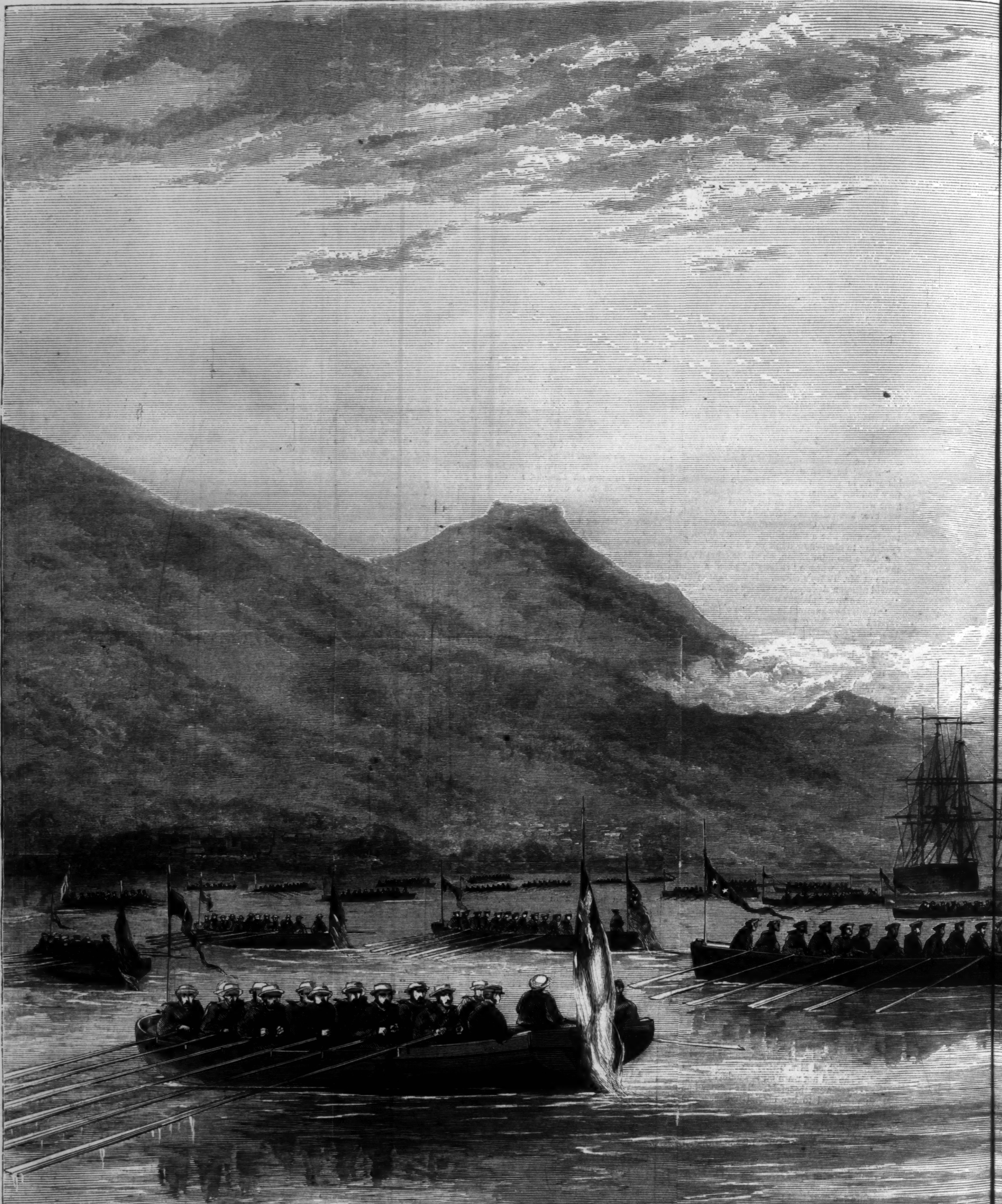
"About his marrying again, you know."

"We was talkin' of summot else," replied Mr. Taffey, "but, now you speak of it—"

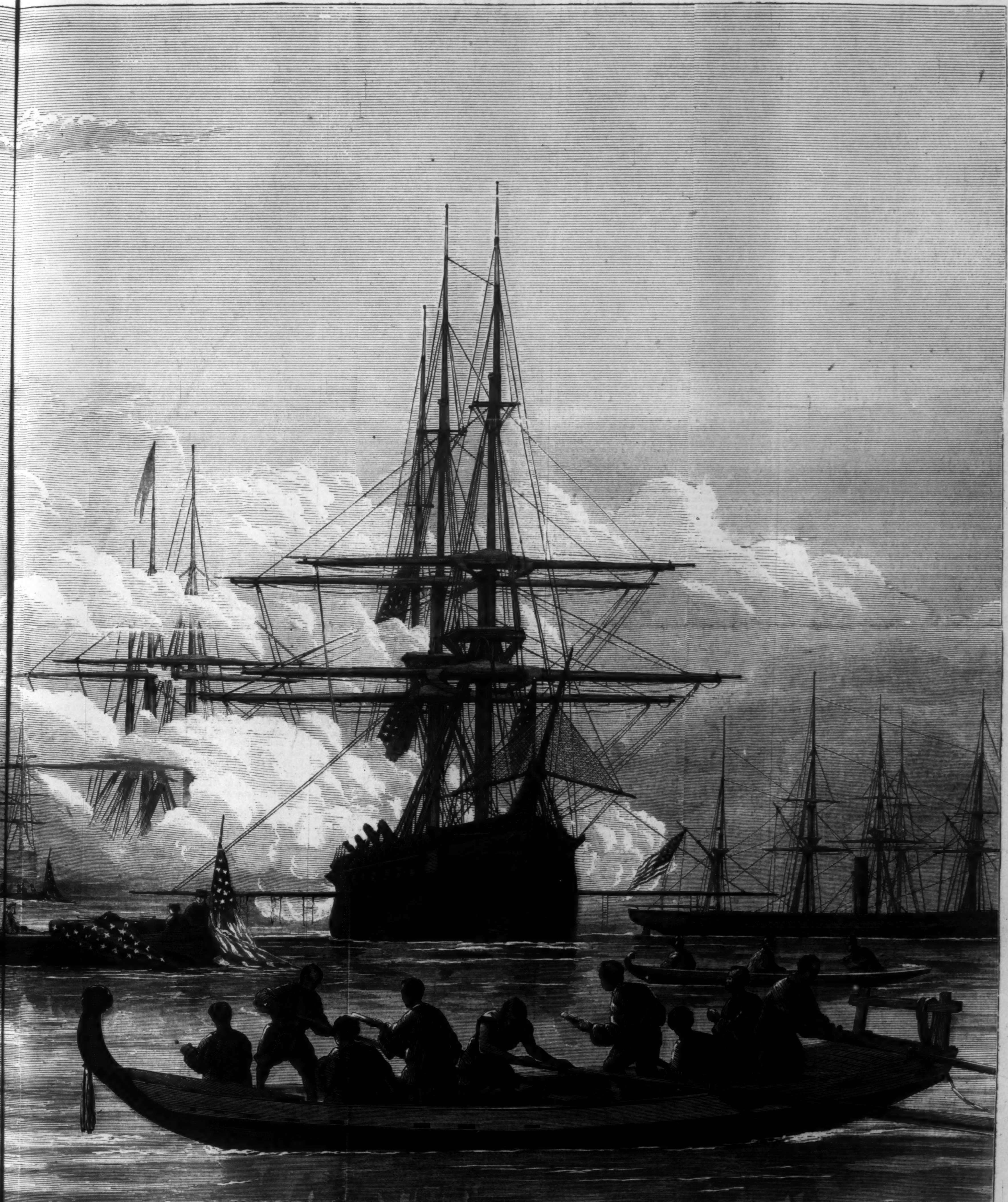
He stood still suddenly, and looked in the other's face with a curious expression.

"Now I speak of it—" prompted Mr. Apreece.

"I've seen onlikelier things come to pass," said the smith. And they parted.


English Barges.
Chaplain's Barge.
American Barges (in back-ground).
Funeral Bar

FUNERAL OF THE LATE ADMIRAL HENRY H. BELL, OF THE ASIATIC SQUADRON OF THE UNITE


Shenandoah.
Hartford.
Native Junks.
Oneida.

STATES NAVY, AT HIOGO, JAPAN, JANUARY 14, 1868.—SKETCHED BY FREDERICK G. S. MELBYE.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

THE latest news from Japan indicates that the revolution organized to oppose the liberal and civilizing policy of STOTS BASHI, the late Tycoon, in regard to foreign intercourse, and which was inaugurated simultaneously with the opening of the new treaty ports of Hiogo and Osaca, is of the most serious character, and one which is to affect in greater or lesser degree the commercial interests of every country trading with the East. And in view of their geographical situation and present commercial and maritime adventures in that direction, it particularly interests the people of the United States. The loss of Admiral BELL by drowning on the bar of Osaca also serves to direct the attention of our public to the facts of the Japanese revolution.

The agitation of the question of foreign commercial intercourse was begun in Japan many years since by the merchants, and it was opposed by the large land-owners. In fact, it is a struggle between commercial and agricultural interests. The late Tycoon, STOTS BASHI, recognized as one of the ablest of Japan statesmen, although the head of one of the principal families of Japan, and a prince of the realm before his accession to the throne, was inclined to the policy of the merchants, and made a treaty with several European powers, by which he agreed to throw open the ports of Hiogo and Osaca to foreign commerce on January 1 (our January 25), 1863. But the disturbed condition of the Empire at this time prevented, and the opening of the ports was deferred until January 1, 1868.

In the mean time the revolutionists were silently preparing to prevent this happy consummation, and as the day approached for the carrying out the chief feature of the treaty, the agricultural or Damios party, under the lead of the Princes SATSUMA, CHOSIU, and TOSO, became so threatening in their demonstrations that STOTS BASHI was compelled to resort to a startling *coup d'état*. This was no less than the abdication of the throne, and the restoration to it of a dynasty which had been virtually deposed three hundred years ago. This, if successful, changes materially the form of the Japanese Government. Heretofore the Tycoon has been chosen from one of four houses which have controlled the country; henceforth the throne hereditary successors enjoy actual control of the government.

The accession to power of the new, or rather the old Emperor, who is called, not the Tycoon, but the Mikado, at once changed the status of affairs; and the rival powers began to employ their influences upon him, to win him to their cause. But those of the commercial party appear to have been the strongest. Instead of changing the former Tycoon's policy, the Mikado approved of and advocated it, and not only appointed STOTS BASHI commander-in-chief of the Imperial army (which, by-the-way, that sagacious individual reorganized in 1866, augmenting it to 80,000 infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, and employing a number of French officers to instruct the commanders), but made him his Secretary of Foreign Affairs as well, and specially instructed him to enforce the terms of the treaty.

Then it was that the Damios rushed to arms and mustered their army, which nominally consists of 370,000 infantry and 40,000 cavalry, but which will not in reality aggregate nearly so much. SATSUMA and his adherents made a sudden inroad upon the city of Miaco, where the court of the Mikado is held, and captured the person of the Emperor, who is a child of only nine years of age. The late Tycoon was forced to fly for safety, and at once took refuge in Osaca, where he gathered his army about him, and where he at once began the operations already stated in previous issues of this paper. The clearest indication of the success thus far of the commercial party is, that the ports have been opened and so remain in spite of the reported successes of the rebellious Damios, and the defeat and flight to Jeddo of the Tycoon. The last news brings information of a written assurance of the Mikado that the terms of the treaty shall be enforced.

A brief account of the two ports about which the two parties are contending will be interesting. Osaca is the third city of the Empire, has a population of between 300,000 and 400,000, and a large proportion of the manufactures and commerce of the five cities now open to foreign trade. It is laid out with great regularity, and may justly boast of the cleanliness of its broad, straight streets. Numerous canals, crossed by 200 bridges, penetrate to all parts of the city. The houses, generally, are small and mean and decayed-looking, but the temples devoted to the worship of Buddha are large and handsome. The most remarkable structure at Osaca, and indeed in Japan, is the Tycoon's Castle. It is an immense fortification 300 years old, and is said to have been built by a contribution of hewn stones from every prince of the Empire. Most of these stones are of colossal proportions, and our artist in that country, Mr. FREDERICK G. S. MELBYE, says he noticed many which could not have been less than 30 feet long by 20 feet wide and 15 feet thick. The merchants of Osaca are the first in Japan, and control the capital of the country, which flows for investment to Osaca from all parts of the Empire, just as the same element of power in this country gravitates toward New York. It has been well known for years that the business capital of Yeddo, Yokohama, and Nagasaki came from Osaca, and it was this fact which has made the foreign merchants so anxious to get admission to Osaca.

Osaca has a very bad anchorage, and in consequence thereof Hiogo has been named in the treaty as the port of Osaca. It is a small place, with no claims to notice other than in this connection. It has a good anchorage, where vessels can lie in safety in all weathers.

The opening of these ports was accompanied by a deplorable event—the death of Admiral BELL, Lieutenant REED, and several of their boat's crew. Mr. MELBYE, who furnishes the splendid illustration on pages 216 and 217 of the funeral of the Admiral, also sends the following account of the circumstances of his death:

> In order to inaugurate with appropriate ceremonies the new era in the intercourse of Japan with foreign countries, Rear-Admiral HENRY H. BELL, commanding the Asiatic squadron of the United States Navy, assembled off these ports as many of the vessels of his command as could be spared from the rest of the station. The Admiral himself, with the flag-ship *Hartford*, sloops *Iroquois* and *Oneida*, and gun-boats *Monocacy* and *Aroostook*, remained at Hiogo on the 1st of January, and celebrated the day by dressing ship and a salute of 21 guns from each vessel; while the like honors were paid at Osaca by the sloop *Shenandoah*, the booming of whose heavy guns was distinctly heard at Hiogo, twelve miles off.
>
> A few days later the Admiral moved the greater part of his squadron to Osaca, with the double view of impressing the natives by a display of power, and of holding personal intercourse with our minister, General VAN VALKENBURGH, then residing at that capital. The wind for several days after our arrival blew in heavy gales from the eastward and sent in a tremendous sea upon the bar, which it was necessary to cross in going up to the city. By the 11th the gale had somewhat abated; but although a heavy sea was still running the Admiral determined to cross the bar. Accordingly, at a quarter past nine A.M., he left the ship in his barge accompanied by Lieutenant Commander J. H. REED; and, sad to relate, in just twenty minutes from that time, the boat swamped on the bar, and of fifteen persons that were in her all perished but three seamen. The whole terrible catastrophe took place under our very eyes—in fact, the officer of the deck had his glass fixed on the boat when she went over. Not a moment was lost in dispatching boats to the rescue, although so heavy a sea was running that the first boat lowered was swamped alongside. With equal promptness the other ships sent their boats to the scene of disaster, and in less time than would have been deemed possible, seven or eight of the latter were executing their errand of mercy in the dangerous waters of the bar.
>
> The same afternoon the body of the Admiral was recovered and brought on board. His watch was found to have stopped at 25 minutes to 10, showing that the catastrophe took place exactly 20 minutes from the time he left the ship.
>
> The surviving seamen state that as soon as they reached the bar a heavy sea caused the barge to broach to, and an instant after a still heavier one came on board and turned her completely over, throwing all hands into the water. The Admiral, Lieutenant REED, and several of the crew succeeded in getting on the bottom of the boat and clung to the keel, until, chilled by the cold and stunned by the surf, they were forced to let go their hold. In less than five minutes from the swamping of the boat all were washed off but one man, who had strength enough to maintain his grasp and was eventually rescued. One of the men washed off was saved by seizing an oar, but when picked up was nearly exhausted. The third man who escaped was washed quite out of the boat when she capsized, but contrived to get hold of three oars which he tied together with a muffler from around his neck, and was thus kept afloat until one of the boats relieved him from his perilous situation.
>
> All the bodies were ultimately recovered, and on the 12th we returned with heavy hearts to Hiogo. The funeral took place on the 14th. A sadder or more solemn sight of the kind was never witnessed. Thirty-three boats formed in three lines abreast left the side of the *Hartford* at a given signal, and with drooping colors moved slowly toward the beach. The English boats were on the left, the American on the right, while in the middle were those containing the mortal remains of our former shipmates and friends. On reaching the shore a procession was formed and proceeded to the cemetery in the following order: First marched the marines of the squadron with reversed arms, followed by the fine band of H. B. M.'s steamer *Ocean*; next came the coffins, each covered with the Jack and borne on the shoulders of six sturdy seamen; and last of all a long train consisting of British and American officers, sailors, and citizens of all nationalities. Four English and as many American captains officiated as pall-bearers to the Admiral. Minute-guns were fired from the *Hartford*, *Shenandoah*, *Iroquois*, and *Oneida*, during the movement of the procession from the ship to the shore, and thence to the place of interment. The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was read at the grave in a most impressive manner by the chaplain of the *Hartford*, assisted by the chaplain of the *Ocean*, and after three volleys had been fired by the marines as a last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friends the sad assemblage slowly dispersed to their respective ships.
>
> The following are the names of the men who constituted the barge's crew at the time of the accident: Henry Ernest, Charles Baldwin, Thomas Davis, Olaff Holmburg, Moses Redmond, John Peterson, Patrick Deveney, John Churo, Samuel C. Van Vliet, William Riggett, Edward Nichols, John U. Small, Bernard Reddy. Of these Deveney, Churo, and Van Vliet were saved.

JACK OSBORNE'S WOOING.

A TALE OF THE SEA-COAST.

A LOVELY afternoon! The sun was shining brightly forth from an unclouded sky upon the deep blue waters of the ocean, which leaped and frolicked in very joyousness of spirit; it seemed stirred up by the cool salt breeze blowing in upon the land. The exact locality matters not. It was somewhere on the southern part of the cliff-bound coast of England. The scenery was perfect of its kind. On one side, inland, were waving woods, green fields, and sparkling rivulets, with lowing herds chewing the cud beside them. The lofty turf-covered downs were dotted over with numerous flocks of white fleecy sheep, while on the other side the high cliffs and dark rocks projected out into the sea, forming a succession of small bays and inlets, in which so much consists the picturesque beauty of that part of the coast.

On the summit of the sunny downs walked a young man in the dress of a naval officer, and by his side, resting on his arm, was a girl worthy to be the presiding goddess of a scene so lovely. She was delicately fair, with light hair, just tinged with an auburn hue, and eyes of azure pure as the sea she gazed on, and her costume simple in the extreme. The couple had proceeded up along a valley from a pretty little cottage which lay ensconced snugly amidst a grove of trees, and protected by the high ground between it and the sea from the wintry gales which blow from it. They had walked on for some distance without speaking, when the young lady turned her blue eyes toward the youth, apparently to inquire the cause of his silence. Whether the soft tranquillity of the scene influenced him, or the gentle gaze of those bright eyes, it is difficult to say; but he immediately opened his mouth and commenced a series of expressions so incoherent that the maiden herself did not appear to comprehend them, till he concluded by one sufficiently explicit to leave no doubt as to the meaning of the rest. It was, "Fanny, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The words, however, did not, it seemed, give the fair girl the satisfaction it might have been expected they would have done, for instantly and unconsciously withdrawing her arm from that of her companion, she answered: "I am sorry, Jack, very sorry, to hear you say this. I thought you knew that my regard for you was as a sister for a brother, as I fancied yours was for me—such as would never allow thoughts of marriage to enter your head. You know that I am romantic, as it is called, and you ought to know that I am never likely to give my heart to any man, except I can look up to him and respect him as a being superior to myself—except he has done some gallant deed to win my admiration as well as that of the world. No, Jack, utter not those words again; forget that you have pronounced them, as I soon shall, and we shall be as happy in each other's society as we have hitherto been, without thinking of such folly." She ceased, and turned away her head.

"Then are you never likely to return my devoted, my unwavering affection?" exclaimed the young seaman in a tone of anguish. "Or—oh pardon me for the question!—do you, Fanny, love another?"

"No, indeed, Jack, I do not," she answered with a light laugh—perhaps it was a little forced. "I will answer your rather impertinent question with the candor you deserve. My heart is as free as the breeze which plays upon the ocean. That must satisfy you. You must be conscious that you have done nothing to enchain it. You are a very good seaman, and a very respectable officer, I have always heard. You can haul ropes, go aloft, hand, reef, and steer, and possess all other sorts of nautical accomplishments, I dare say; but you have never boarded an enemy's ship, stormed a fort, nor even seen a shot fired in anger, that I know of; you never jumped overboard to save a man, or even a drowning monkey, that I am aware of; in fact, Jack, you have done nothing to win a young lady's heart like mine, at all events; and if my sex would but exert their prerogative, you would receive the same answer to a like question from all. I am sorry to give you pain, cousin, but I speak what I feel and think. If woman never gave her heart except to him who had won it by some noble deed of valor, generosity, charity, or self-sacrifice, there would be fewer useless characters in the world, and we should hear no more complaints of the degeneracy of the age. And now, Mister Jack, I must return home."

They spoke not another word till they reached the garden-gate of the little cottage in the valley. The young lady then put out her hand, saying, quietly:

"Good-by, Cousin Jack. We part friends, as we have always been: so go home, and forget all about it."

Before the young sailor could answer Fanny Ashford had disappeared in a turn of the shrubbery.

Poor Jack Osborne did not, however, follow her advice, for instead of returning to his home, which was some miles along the shore, he lingered long in the neighborhood of the cottage, whence he could obtain a sight even of the light in her window. He had not determination to tear himself from the spot. He thought over all that had occurred, and he felt that he could not live without her. So completely occupied was he with his reflections that he did not observe the entire change which had taken place in the weather since the sun had set. He was aroused from his reverie by finding his hat blown off his head by a violent gust which came in from the sea, and had it not caught in a blackberry-bush close under his lee, he would probably have been compelled to return without it. The dark clouds were chasing each other rapidly through the sky, the wind whistled loud and mournfully; indeed, he soon discovered that a furious gale was blowing, though he still continued wandering around the same spot, the weather in consonance with his feelings, till some heavy drops of rain warned him of the folly of his behavior. Slowly and unwillingly he commenced his homeward way. He had not, however, proceeded far when his ears were startled by the dull reports of guns fired at intervals. They seemed like signals of distress fired from a ship at sea. He listened attentively, then hurried to the edge of the nearest cliff. There he stood for some time straining his eye to pierce the darkness, till he was certain he could distinguish the flashes, while the reports appeared to come nearer and nearer. Suddenly several guns were discharged in quick succession.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "she must be on the Black Reef, and every soul will perish. No. Let me see—what's the hour? Ah, it is nearly dead low-water just now, and it will be almost smooth inside the reef. If the people on board her know that they may launch their boats or a raft, or even swim on shore; but they probably do not. If they wait for the morning, except the gale should abate as suddenly as it has commenced, which there is no prospect of, every soul must be lost."

Thus soliloquizing, Jack Osborne wound his way down the steep sides of the cliffs by a well-known path to the beach. He there found several fishermen, whose cottages were at hand, and who had, like himself, been attracted to the spot by the report of the guns, though it is to be feared that some of them, at all events, had resorted thither more in expectation of the waifs which the sea might cast on shore than for the purpose of rendering assistance to the hapless beings on the wreck.

"Hillo, Tom Hansard, is that you, my man?" exclaimed the young sailor as he reached the shore, addressing a stout fisherman who was looking earnestly seaward; "whereabouts is the vessel that was firing just now?"

"On the Black Reef, no doubt, Sir," was the answer.

"And if the people on board her remain there without assistance they will be lost," cried Jack Osborne, in an eager tone.

"It's very true, Sir," answered the fisherman; "but it can not be helped."

"But I say it can be helped," exclaimed the young man with animation. "Now, if you and three other active hands will launch one of your boats and accompany me, we will carry a hawser out to the vessel, and get all the people on shore over the reef before the tide rises. Here are eight sovereigns in my purse, which shall be yours whether we succeed or not; and as for the danger, there's none, if we are quick about the work. Remember, it's now neap-tide and dead low-water, so there'll be no sea of any consequence to hurt us."

"We'd go without the money, Mister Osborne," said another fisherman, who had been attracted to the spot; "but our wives and little ones, and—"

"Well, here's the money—leave that with them, but be quick about it," cried the young officer, impatiently. "There's no danger, I tell you; and you can not be such arrant cowards as to allow a whole ship's company to perish for fear of wetting your jackets. If you are, I shall go alone, though I fear I shall do little good without help. I suppose some of you will lend a hand to launch a boat through the surf. It matters little to any one if I never come back."

"No, no, Mister Osborne, we are not afraid; nor are we the men to let you go alone," answered one of the older fishermen. "But we did not think of the tide being as low as you say. You are right, though, Sir, and I'll answer we get safe up to the rocks. I'll go with you, for one."

"And I," "and I," "and I," cried several others.

Jack selected those who had first spoken, and launching one of the boats by the aid of all hands, steered her boldly through the surf, with a lantern in her bows, toward the dark rocks which they knew were now above water, towing at the same time a line made fast to some posts on the shore. A fierce wind was in their teeth, covering them with the thick spray, and the night was otherwise so dark that it was with difficulty Jack could see how to steer; indeed, he seemed guided rather by a seaman's instinct than assisted by his powers of vision. The thought, too, of Fanny, and of her approbation should he succeed in his enterprise, nerved his heart and determined him to risk every peril. Notwithstanding his assertions that there would be no danger, several heavy seas which swept round the end of the reef broke on board the boat; but, encouraged by their young commander, the fishermen, having once engaged in the undertaking, were not to be deterred from proceeding while any hope of success existed. As they neared the reef the water became smoother; and at length they made out, by the vivid flashes of lightning which every now and then darted from the clouds, the hull of a large vessel driven completely upon the rocks, and over the after-part of which the sea was breaking wildly. The masts were all gone, her bowsprit only remaining, and projecting, fortunately, over a ledge of the reef which the water did not wash. The light of several lanterns twinkling in the fore-part of the ship showed that some of her crew, at all events, still remained alive, and at length Jack had reason to suppose that his boat was seen.

"Now, my men," he exclaimed, "let us hail them together. It will cheer their spirits, and show them that help is at hand."

And forthwith a cheer ascended from the fishing-boat. The cheer was directly answered from the ship. The boat was now so close to the reef that great caution was necessary to prevent her being staved against it. As the fishermen lay on their oars, consulting as to the best way to carry the rope to the ship, Jack determined to undertake the task himself. Throwing off his jacket, he made a rope fast round his middle, and getting the boat as close as was safe to the rocks, he plunged everboard. The next instant all was darkness, and the fishermen anxiously watched for another flash of lightning to see the success of his enterprise. A moment afterward a human form was seen clambering over the slippery weed-covered rocks; but it again disappeared, and again they were compelled to wait in suspense till a dark object was seen moving toward the end of the bowsprit. While still anxiously looking out a voice from some one in the water hailed them, and in a second Jack Osborne was hauled safely on board. The rope he had carried, having been hauled on board the ship by means of a thick hawser, was quickly carried to the shore.

In the mean time Jack Osborne had returned to the ship for the purpose of hurrying the departure of the people, for the tide was now again rising, and every moment was of consequence. It was, indeed, fortunate for the strangers that he did so, for some of them were even talking of remaining by the ship till daylight before they ventured on shore. She proved to be a large ship, homeward-bound from the West Indies, and carrying a valuable cargo, with ten guns, a numerous crew, and several passengers. The scene was one of the greatest confusion, for the masts had gone by the board, and the decks were covered with the wreck of the spars and rigging, from the falling of which many of the people were hurt. These latter and the passengers were conveyed on shore in a basket slung on to a hawser, while most of the crew escaped by other ropes which had in the mean time been carried there. So long a time was thus occupied that several, among whom was Jack Osborne, still remained on the wreck, over which the sea had begun to make fearful breaches. At last a more terrific breaker than any came rolling toward them. "Hasten, hasten for your lives!" exclaimed the gallant young officer. The sea struck the ship with an awful crash. Quivering in every timber, she parted in twenty places, and in another instant her broken fragments were dashed upon the beach. Some few unhappy beings, struck by the floating timbers, sank beneath the waves, and their mangled corpses were cast on the shore. Others, though senseless, were thrown upon the beach alive, and among them the gallant young officer who had been the means of preserving the lives of the rest. He was conveyed to the nearest gentleman's house, which happened to be Mr. Ashford's, Fanny's father. Thither also some of the passengers and officers were conducted, when Mr. Ashford gladly gave them shelter and entertainment. All were loud in their praise of their brave preserver, who had been conveyed to their host's own room, and attended by a surgeon, who, to the satisfaction of all, pronounced his hurts not to be dangerous. This was proved when, after a night's rest, he appeared next morning at breakfast, rather paler than usual, but otherwise uninjured. His color, however, quickly returned, and his eyes sparkled with joy when Fanny Ashford entered the room, and placing her hand in his, forgot to withdraw it.

"Is it to be mine?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, "if you value it as a reward of gallantry."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We are often warned against trusting to appearances—said appearances being understood to be bright, pleasing, and attractive ones. Poets have made this a fruitful theme of song. We are cautioned to

> "Trust not the treason of those smiling looks;"

assured that

> "All that glitters is not gold;"

that

> "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain;"

and that

> "Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
> Who combats bravely is not therefore brave."

These injunctions, written long time ago, it may be well to remember, bearing in mind, however, that nowadays people do not take so much trouble about the matter as in ancient days, and that appearances are not *every where* deceitful. For example, the last relics of chivalry have departed—from our cars and omnibuses—and men desiring this to be distinctly understood, do not pretend to assume "smiling looks," or extend the courtesies of social life in public. Women comprehend the crisis, and do not expect any of those old-fashioned attentions, which long time ago were gallantly offered and gratefully received. Indeed, there is so much marked rudeness shown them that they must need to search deeply to find any thing attractive in man in general, as he exhibits himself in—for example—the city cars. But woman is said to have a forgiving spirit, and very likely, as she stands, solitary, clinging to the strap (if she can reach it) of a car in which every *man* has a seat, she may be quoting mentally:

> "Within the oyster's shell uncouth
> The purest pearl may bide:
> Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth
> Within that rough outside."

And when a sudden lurch of the car sends her staggering almost into the lap of the unconscious gentleman opposite, she probably continues her musings:

> "The gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
> Contains the shining treasure of a soul,
> Resolved and brave."

Thus swaying to and fro, uncomfortably conspicuous, she casts a glance along the lines of newspapers, shielded faces, and softly murmurs:

> "The general voice
> Sounds him for courtesy, behavior, language,
> And every fair demeanor, an example."
>
> "Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
> Nature has written 'Gentleman.'"

And, at length, having reached her destination still standing, she closes her poetic meditations with:

> "'Tis man's pride,
> His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
> The privilege he prizes most,
> To *stand* by helpless woman's side!"

Surely, the question may modestly be put: Can a poet be found who will venture to exhibit the poetic side of man, dated 1868? The race called man in former times must be nearly extinct, and poetry suited to the times is wanted. Genuine courtesy, not merely toward woman, but toward *any one*, is rarely seen in public places.

A newly-married couple recently stopped at a hotel in Cincinnati while on their wedding-trip. The husband was a jovial, gentlemanly young man, but on one occasion indulged himself in something stronger than water to such an extent that he became quite confused, to say the least. The next day after his frolic he could not account for the mysterious disappearance of about $1000 that he had with him the night before. He told the landlord of the loss, and the landlord sent for the police, who immediately interrogated the gentleman as to where he had been the night before. He frankly stated that the whisky had knocked his memory, and that he could not inform them. While they were talking, the young wife, thinking her little joke had gone far enough, and the desired warning had proved sufficient, came forward and stated that she had the money—had taken it from her husband's pocket, simply to show him how easily the same thing could be done by any body else.

A singular event transpired in Tennessee a short time ago. A well-known gentleman, about eighty-six years old, performed his usual day's work, ate a hearty meal, and retired to rest apparently perfectly well. About midnight he rose from his bed, crossed a wide hall, woke up the members of the family, and told them that *he was dying*, at the same time shaking hands with each one of the inmates, and bidding them a final farewell. He then went back to his room, seated himself in a chair, when his features quickly underwent a change, his limbs relaxed, while a thick film gathered over his eyes. He was taken from the chair and placed upon a bed near by, but the spirit of the old man had fled.

The curious district surrounding Yellowstone Lake, in Montana, contains a natural curiosity, reported more wonderful than even Niagara. Just below the lake, the Yellowstone River, which is its outlet, falls over the face of a peak of the Rocky Mountains thousands of feet, the spray rising several hundred. A pebble was timed by a watch in dropping from an overhanging crag of one perpendicular fall, and is said to have required eleven and a half seconds to strike the surface of the river below. The great lake, like all others in the mountains, is thick with salmon-trout, of from five to forty pounds' weight; and where the milky, boiling mineral waters from the geysers intermingle with the pure, clear water from the running streams, these elegant fish can be "forked" up by the boat-load.

"Carleton," the foreign correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, thinks that there is scarcely another place in the world where the boys and girls of the United States would throw up their hands in such wonder as upon the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. In giving an account of a visit there he remarks: "We ascend a steep sand-bank, one hundred feet high, and dismount from our donkeys beneath the shadow of the great Pyramid of Cheops. I almost despair of giving you an idea of its size, and height, or how it looks. It stands on solid rock. It is only when you walk around it, and when you climb to the top, that you can get an idea of its magnitude and height. A great many of the outer stones have been taken away by the Caliphs of Egypt to build their palaces, so that the pyramid is not so large as it was at the first. Formerly it was 764 feet square and 480 feet high; now it is 746 feet on each side and 450 in height. Its area now is a little more than one-fourth the size of Boston Common, or almost 12 acres. Just imagine a pile of masonry—great stones nine or ten feet long, three or four high, and four or five wide, filling up a good-sized field, piled up three or four times higher than the tallest trees you know of, 450 feet—as high as the steeple of Park Street Church would be if it stood atop of Bunker Hill Monument; or as high as three of the tallest pine-trees to be found in the woods of Maine or New Hampshire. With two Arabs—to pull us up—to keep us from falling in case we should become light-headed, we go up, walking along the stones, picking out the easiest places, stopping once in a while for breath, reaching the top in about twenty minutes."

A recent survey has shown that the Missouri River, near the point of confluence with the Mississippi, has eaten away some 2600 feet of the Illinois shore. This corrosion extends four miles. The process by which the channel was shifting to the Illinois side was supposed to be so slow as to be almost imperceptible. This survey shows, however, that if the Missouri gnaws away at the Illinois shore with as hearty an appetite as it has shown since 1861, in less than a dozen years it will be impossible for any steamboat or vessel of the least tonnage to approach the St. Louis levee. The people of St. Louis are awake to the danger, and the city engineer has already built 3234 feet of dyke between the Missouri shore and Cabaret island.

A Philadelphia paper states that a woman living in Amesbury, Massachusetts, recently killed a Brahma rooster which had thirteen nickel cents in his crop, two two-cent pieces, and other indigestible articles. One would naturally suppose that the rooster might have died without any extra assistance. But quite as surprising is the fact that the Vermont State geologist not long since skinned and stuffed a large bald eagle, in whose crop he found a piece of halter chain 24½ inches long.

A practical chemist of Chicago claims to have made an important discovery by which eggs may be kept perfectly fresh and sweet for years. His mode is founded upon a new theory, the electroizing of the organic constituents of the egg, with a peculiar combination of chemical agents, thereby suspending the embryotic principle and relieving the germinating heat, thus preventing organic dissolution without imparting any unpleasant flavor, or in the least changing the natural taste of the egg.

The maple sugar "season" has come. More than a million and a half gallons of delicious maple sirup, and over forty million pounds of maple sugar are produced in our country in a single year. In the Eastern and Middle States enterprising farmers understand the value of maple groves, and not only make their own "sweetening," but considerable money by tapping their trees, boiling down the sap, and "sugaring off." Besides, every body loves maple sugar, and the young folks especially rejoice when the "season" arrives.

The French, as a people, seem to have very few serious thoughts, and the nearness of death scarcely sobers them. A story is told of a dancing-party at a Paris hotel which was interrupted by the landlady, who entered the ball-room and said: "My friends, do not dance now; there is a man dying in the room above." But presently she returned with a cheerful face, saying: "You can resume your pleasure; the man is dead." The French papers relate a story, also, of a merry pyrotechnist, who, finding he was about to die, caused his workmen to make a number of candles which would burn a short way, as usual, and then burst in brilliant corruscations. Those candles were given to the priests, who at the funeral were to chant around the corpse; and while engaged in this solemn act the fire-works went off, to the great consternation of the clergymen.

A very "Peculiar People" exist in England. They call themselves "Peculiar," and one of their peculiarities consists in following literally the text in the New Testament which says, "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church; let them pray over him and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord." Consequently, they do not think it necessary to call in medical assistance when ill. Recently a little child was taken sick. They anointed it with oil, and prayed over it. The child grew worse. They gave it a little nourishment, and continued to pray, but used no remedies and called no medical assistance. The child died. The matter was brought into court. The parents appeared to feel they had done all they could for their child. The jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, but at the same time said they severely censured the prisoners for not calling in medical advice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman standing at his door, was asked by a huckster whether he was the man of the house? In a subdued tone he replied, "No, my wife is."

◆

A Slight Mistake.—The French correspondent of a "Daily Paper," in a recent letter, tells us that "there are in France no less than thirty thousand deaf and dumb."

> These figures are, without a doubt—
> Excuse us, Sir—"all hum:"
> 'Tis full well known by ev'ry "lout"
> That *millions* there are *dumb!*

◆

The following letter is a perfect model in its way:

"Dear Brother,—I've got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, prices never were better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both our children (the Lord be praised!) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week I took him to the poor-house. Your affectionate brother."

◆

The young lady who fell dead—in love with a young gentleman, immediately revived on being asked to name the day.

◆

A chap says he cured palpitation of the heart by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected.

THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

Lovely woman, sweet and human!
How her witching ways disarm us!
Bright and witty—what a pity
That her bills should so alarm us!

Charming creature! how each feature
Lights up with ecstatic pleasures!
(Harmless passion) when Dame Fashion
Brings to view her latest treasures!

Silks and laces! how her face is
Radiant as the sunlight dawning:
Eyes are glancing, curls are dancing,
And her brow is like the morning!

Daily shopping—money dropping
Fast from white and dainty fingers,
Wants explicit—taste exquisite;
How the happy shopper lingers!

Ah! *'tis* cruel, when a jewel
Might light up sweet home affection,
Thus to splutter, scold, and flutter,
When wife hints in that direction!

Woman tender, who can render
Too much joy to match her beauty?
How can dresses or caresses
Half repay her love and duty?

Then, Dame Fashion, put the lash on,
Urge your steeds of daring mettle;
Lovely woman, sweet and human,
Must have dress, and we must settle!

◆

"That is probably the oldest piece of furniture in America!" said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spoke. "How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years old." "Pshaw, that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old." "*Indeed!*" "Yes, the *multiplication table.*"

◆

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," said Mike. "How could I hould it, and two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures and I'll hould it for you."

◆

"Cuffee, what do you think de mose useful ob de plannets—de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Sambo, I tink de moon orter take de fus rank in dat ar' ticular."

"Why you think so, Cuffee?"

"Well, I tell you: kase she shines by night when we want light, and sun shines by day when we do not!"

◆

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so," he said, "my love, not so;
But man and wife are *one* you know;
And when *alone*, I'm weary."

◆

"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to his wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

◆

An old bachelor (we don't know where he lives, ladies) thus advertises for a wife. Of course he will find one to suit him:

"I want a wife, a first-rate wife,
A girl that's all my own,
To cook my meals and cheer my life,
With smiling word and tone.

"A girl that ne'er will pledge a vow
To any chap but me;
That's been brought up to milk a cow,
And have warm cakes for tea.

"She must be graceful as the bell
Upon the lily found;
And make such butter as will sell
For forty cents a pound."

◆

A certain clerk in a Western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he: "Pocahontas was a great man—Pocahontas was a noble, kind-hearted, and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a *woman.*" "She was, eh!" said he; "well, that's just my luck: how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible!"

WANTED.

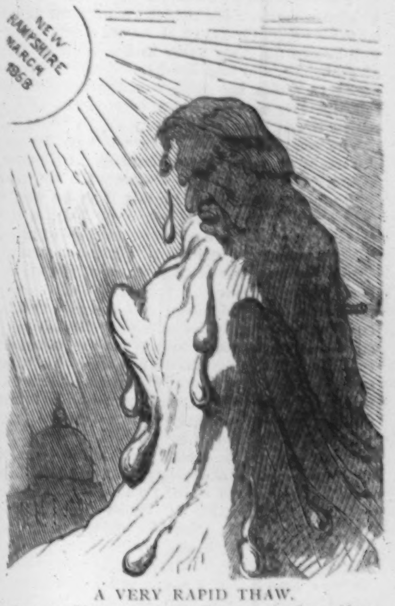
A blanket from an oyster-bed.
A key to fit a lock of hair.
A bellows to blow a man's nose.
A skiff to cross the river of life.
A mule to ride through the valley of death.
A feather from the wing of time.
Some tobacco for the pipe of a steamboat.
Some splinters from the polls of an election.
Some gravel from the road to ruin.
Some buttons from the mantle of night.
A dog whose bark is like that of a tree.
A scarf for a neck of land.
A hook on which to hang the close of a lecture.
A blacksmith to mend a broken heart.
A hair for the head of a sheet.
Some hay and oats for a nightmare.
A small air-castle to accommodate a large family of invisible beings.
A portrait of the man in the moon.

CURIOSITIES.

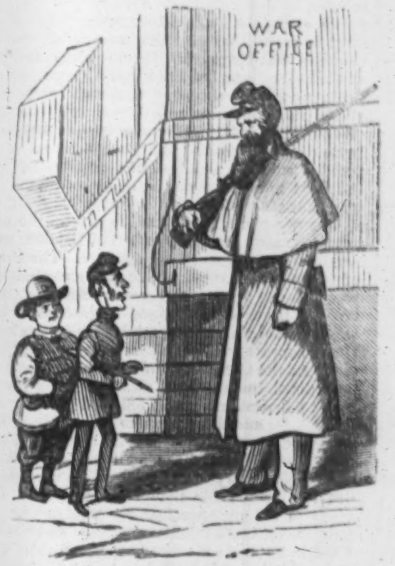
The rule of our conduct, in two joints.
An eye of the wind.
Horn of a buck-et.
A gun used in the war of the elements.
A link of chain lightning.
Snow gathered in "the winter of discontent."
Tears from the mind's eye.
A corn from the foot of time.
A mosquito's bill receipted.
A spoke from a wheel of the chariot of the sun.
Hair from the head of navigation.
Fruit from an axle-tree.
A pair of bellows from an ox.
A frame of mind.

◆

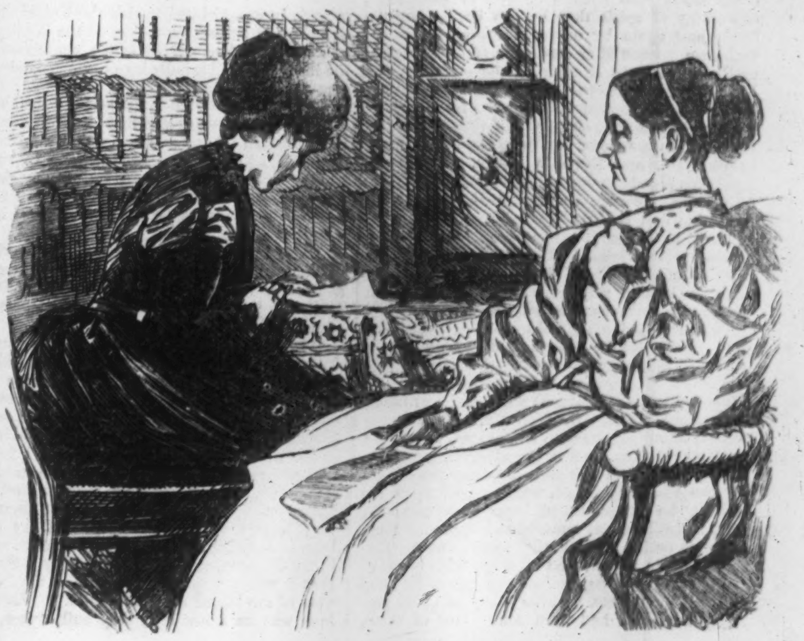
Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister. He stamped, and pounded, and made such a noise; and then he got so mad he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't any body dared to go up and fight him."



A VERY RAPID THAW.
Sudden Melting of the Democratic Snow Man.



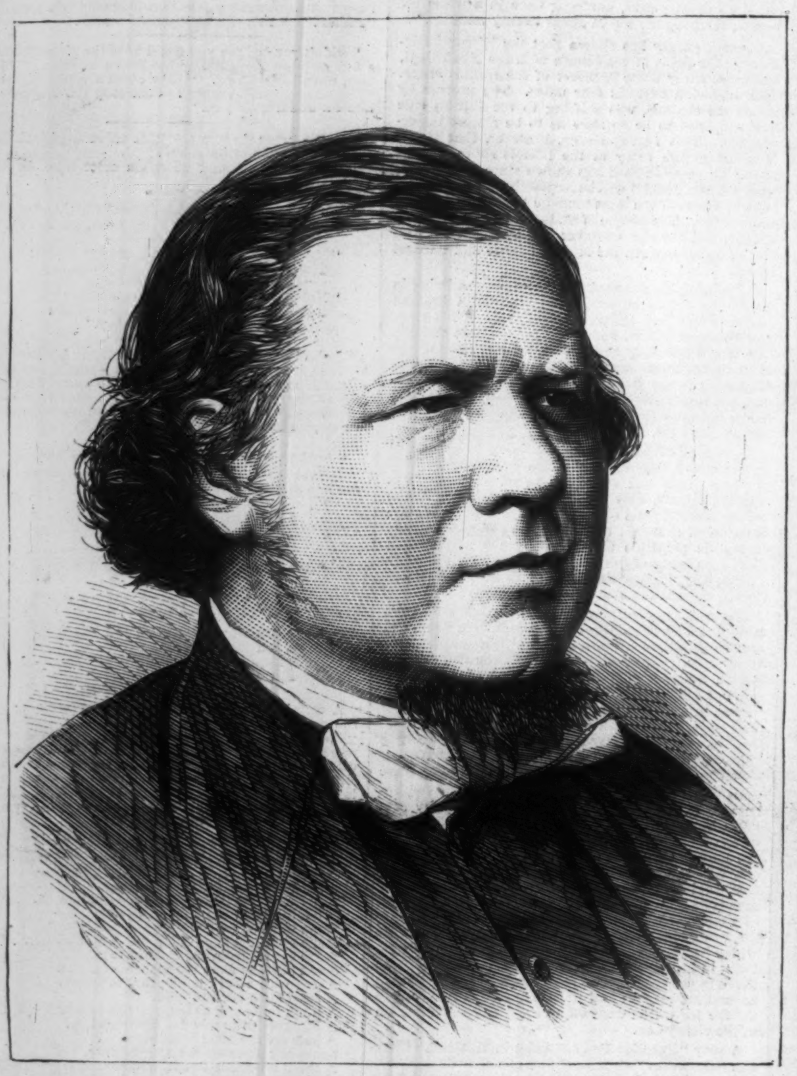
ADVICE NOT EASILY FOLLOWED.
General T——s. "Please, Sir, here's a boy friend of mine from Delaware, who says I've got to kick Mr. Stanton out; so you'll please let me go in and do it, won't you?"



SINCERITY.
Niece. "I'm writing to Clara Smith, Aunt. Shall I say any thing from you?"
Aunt. "You may give her my love, dear. How I do Dislike that Girl, to be sure!!"

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

YORKSHIRE, which has produced, in almost every department in which Englishmen can attain to eminence, more great and celebrated men than any other county of Great Britain, has long been regarded as the peculiar home of Methodism. It was in Yorkshire that some of the most remarkable successes of the WESLEYS were achieved. More than a century ago the founder of the Methodist societies had already drawn from Yorkshire some of his greatest preachers in the persons of JOHN NELSON and others; and from that time to the present the great northern county has been a soil where his doctrines have been received and made fruitful in the salvation of souls beyond most other parts of the United Kingdom. The able orator and preacher, WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, whose portrait adorns our present issue, is a native of Doncaster, where he was born in the year 1824. His father was a draper in that town, engaged in a large and prosperous business, and at the same time a prominent and active supporter of the Wesleyan cause. He received his second name after his uncle, Sir ISAAC MORLEY, a gentleman well known for many years in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and who lived to witness the eminence to which his nephew and namesake attained. His education was commenced in his native town; but when about eleven years of age he was placed under the care of a gentleman, the son of a Congregational minister, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where he discovered a singular aptitude for learning. At this time he was a stiff, chubby lad, with fresh, curly hair, a full proportion of the love of sport, and above all, a most extraordinary memory. He would commit to memory, for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from the "Speaker," and recite them to his school-fellows; and it is said that he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the members representing them, without a mistake. Notwithstanding these and other indications of remarkable ability, he was not designed by his father for public or professional life, nor does it appear that at this period his mind was drawn out to the vast concerns of the future. At fifteen years of age he was placed at Hull as a clerk in the shipping business, from which port he subsequently removed to Sunderland. When about twenty years of age, in the order of Providence, he was removed to Woolwich, and his residence was with his uncle, the Rev. BENJAMIN CLOUGH. Here he was brought into a congenial atmosphere. Mr. CLOUGH was a man of rare, though not showy endowments. A distinguished Oriental scholar, he had compiled a dictionary of the Singalese, one of the Eastern languages, which, after forty years, still remains the basis of all similar works in that language. He was also a zealous and self-denying missionary, having been one of the first company of young men sent out by the Wesleyans to the East under the superintendence of Dr. COKE, who died on the voyage, and was buried in the ocean. Mr. PUNSHON has composed a suitable and beautiful memoir of this excellent man, to whom he owed so much. It was under his advice that he made his early attempts at preaching, and in May, 1845, he presented himself for examination in London, as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. The writer of this sketch was present at that examination, to which one or two other young men also came up who have since attained to eminence, and well remembers the impression then produced by the appearance and answers of the future orator. At the Conference of 1843 he received his first appointment, which was to Whitehaven, where he spent two years, followed by two years in Carlisle, and three years in Newcastle. This residence of seven years won for him an extraordinary popularity in the far north, his faithful devotion to every department of his work being not less remarkable than his eloquence. Previous to his entrance into the ministry he had published a small volume of poems; and when at Carlisle he made his first literary effort of a religious kind, entitled "Tabor, or the Class-Meeting." This little publication was an indication of that ardent attachment to the peculiar views and discipline of Methodism which has all along been characteristic of Mr. PUNSHON, though in combination with such a breadth of view and catholicity of spirit that he has been claimed again and again by other churches as almost their own. Soon after coming to reside in Newcastle Mr. PUNSHON married the daughter of Mr. VICKERS, of Gateshead. This lady died in 1858, leaving several children. After leaving Newcastle, the next six years of the subject of this sketch were spent in Yorkshire, three years in Sheffield, and three in Leeds. While in Leeds his popularity was approaching its height. It was in January, 1854, that Mr. PUNSHON made his first appearance in Exeter Hall as a lecturer in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject was "The Prophet of Horeb," and the lecture, although inferior to several which he afterward prepared, was yet highly characteristic, and produced a marked impression. He did not appear again in this capacity till the beginning of 1857, when he delivered what was probably, for rhetorical effect, his master-piece—his lecture on JOHN BUNYAN. This oration was delivered with electrical effect in various places. In 1858 Mr. PUNSHON received an appointment to Bayswater, where the task was assigned to him of endeavoring to raise a new Wesleyan cause and congregation. This, by the blessing of God, which rested upon his labors, he accomplished beyond expectation; and in 1861 he was removed to Islington. During this period several other lectures were delivered by him, which excited remarkable interest, large sums of money being frequently offered and refused for tickets, after as many as could possibly be issued had been sold. One of these, "The Huguenots," was published at a shilling, and from the proceeds of its delivery, Mr. PUNSHON gave a donation of a thousand pounds toward the Wesleyan chapel in Spitalfields. Large sums were also raised for various local charities by means of his lectures. In the mean time he was growing in the esteem and love of the brethren of his own church, was honored with many tokens of their regard, and, had it not been for the failure of his health, would probably have reached by this time the highest dignity at their disposal—that of President of the Wesleyan Conference. It is impossible to speak too warmly of Mr. PUNSHON's unselfishness and generosity. In 1862, seeing the poor accommodation provided by Wesleyans in several popular watering-places, he undertook to raise within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of ten thousand pounds in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels in those places. Every thing seemed against the project. The cotton famine and the financial panic occurred, his own health failed; and, besides this, nearly £200,000 were raised in the period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the promise was fulfilled; and last August, the term of five years being completed, Mr. PUNSHON had the gratification to announce that the pledge had been accomplished! Such manifold labors, however, nearly broke down his health, and for the last three years Mr. PUNSHON has, to a considerable extent, retired from public life beyond the sphere of his own circuit labors.



REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

A new sphere, however, awaits him. He has recently been appointed to visit the United States and Canada as representative of the Wesleyans of Britain, and to preside at the conferences in the important and rapidly increasing provinces of Canada.

During his visit both to Canada and the United States, Mr. PUNSHON will find much in some of the Christian Churches from which, as an Englishman, he may learn, and which on his return he may turn to good account. In Sunday-schools, Day-school State Education, and especially in the cause of Temperance, he will find England is not a little behindhand.

As an illustration of the popular and striking character of Mr. PUNSHON's rhetoric, we quote a passage from a speech delivered in Exeter Hall last year, and which must have been exceedingly effective in the delivery:

"I am disposed for a moment to tell you of a dream I have had. We are not responsible for dreams; and if the fantasies of sleep are wild, the dreamer may be forgiven; but this dream of mine had a startling realness about it, and it haunts me yet. I dreamed of a beautiful island, or perhaps a group of islands, which I thought had arisen from the sea. Tradition said that some three hundred years ago they were all overflowed with water. Indeed, one of them was very largely under water still, and the others bore traces of the flood. The sea roared angrily in the distance, and there was danger, I thought, that it might encroach again; and the inhabitants of the island seemed to think so, for as the land was on a low level they built dykes, as in Holland, and appointed warders, and gave them charge to watch the approach of the waves. For a while all went well. Harvests grew and were gathered upon the reclaimed ground, and there was the hum of industry and the hymn of praise. By-and-by a rumor arose that the sea was getting nearer and higher; and here and there a warder called attention to it; but he was laughed at by his fellows for his pains, and the people took no heed of his words; but I saw with the dreamer's insight, which sees the end from the beginning, the steady onward creeping of the water. At last there could be no doubt about it, the sea was higher and nearer than the oldest islanders had ever known; but still it was the summer-time, and skies were blue and winds were calm, and men talked a little about the progress of the ocean, but that was all; and certain churches, which the old men remembered to have been many miles inland, were now standing by the very verge of the cliff, and were almost undermined; still men felt no fear. Were not the warders there, and were they not doing their duty? Were not the dykes up, and were not they all secure? By-and-by years rolled away—for dreams, you know, take no note of time—and presently there were tidings that some of the warders had been caught slumbering at their posts; still, men felt no fear. Then there was one part of the embankment which was known to be confessedly insecure, but that part was mainly inhabited by ladies, who did not like the warders to intrude upon their privacy, and it was deemed ungallant to go there. But I saw in my dream, oozing through that part of the embankment, the treacherous water. And then by-and-by, from that island, which was almost submerged, it was thought necessary to bring skilled mariners in to teach the people the habits of the sea, and they were paid by the authorities, I thought—I must have been mistaken—with that intent; but I thought in my dream that these men were stealthily opening the flood-gates, and letting in the water. Then, there were many rough and violent kinsmen of these skilled mariners, who by breaking the law had been confined in prison; and the mariners claimed that, although they were shut up there, their education must not be stopped; and as nobody could teach them but themselves, they got admittance there, and by-and-by outside the walls of the prison there were the splashing waves, and through the chinks of the masonry the damp, cold, cruel water. And so the sea rose and swelled, until the islanders got accustomed to it, and talked about taking the warders from their posts, and throwing down the dykes altogether. Then there came a change upon my dream, and in place of northern latitudes, and in the place of people living a long way from the sea, fenced from it by a rock-bound coast and strong defenses, the sea was all round; for the island, like another Venice, had married the sea, and the sea had hidden the ring, and was a jealous and cruel bride. Still it was summer-time, and people felt no fear. There was one part of the sea where the waters had a strange hue, and moved with sluggish course, and men spake under their breath, and said it was because it was stained with blood and choked with corpses; but it was deemed bad manners to refer to that in company; and it was forbidden for the fishermen to cast their nets in there. Then there were gay bridges here and there, and palaces rose up, and men ate and drank and smiled, and went about their business, careless as the old world while the ark was preparing; and all round and all about, at the doors of the palaces, on the steps of the churches, worming into every by-way, creeping, in many coils, about the city's heart, there was the same silent, black, deceitful, treacherous water. And it grieved me in my dream to see how foolish men were to let it get so near them, and to compass them so thoroughly round. For I saw that the winter was coming, and that it needed only the summons of the storm to swell the turbid waters, until the devoted country was engulfed as in another deluge. Now, I should like to know if there is any interpreter here who can read me the moral of my dream. I have wondered whether it were possible that it had any reference to England. I have wondered whether there is any thing in the midst of us at this moment like that stealthy, snake-like, rising, creeping water. I have wondered whether you know, any of you, any thing like it; whether there is a system in the midst of us, which for years has always been clamoring, and which has always obtained what it clamored for, which has secured its own close houses from inspection, while it has wormed itself into yours; which has got into your work-houses, into your prisons; which has granted an indulgence for twelve months to people who will only pray for you, pray that you may be converted to what they consider to be the true faith; and which yet is a system which has been a curse and a mildew to every country where it has prevailed. And so wondering, when I was privileged once more to stand on this Missionary platform, one of whose duties, I humbly think, is to bear testimony to the truth, I have wondered whether it was not my duty to tell this dream to you. And waking out of it, as men do from unsightly visions, with a sense of shuddering and of fear, I have wondered whether I ought not to summon you—though my words be of the feeblest—to arouse yourselves as the heart of one man, and to let your manifesto ring out upon the world. Away with gags, and jails, and proscriptions, and penalties—our sufferings have taught us charity, and we will not steal the sword of persecution from her to whom it of right belongs; but to us has been committed a stewardship of truth and freedom, and we will not be faithless to our trust. In sight of the rising tide and of the fatuous warders we will do our duty; and speaking with a voice too stern for trifling, and too sad for passion, we announce our resolve to-day. In the name of our martyred forefathers, and in the name of the country that we love, and in the name of the sanctities which are habitually violated, and of the liberties which are put in peril, and in the name of the slaves who are enthralled, in the name of the souls that are deluded, and in the name of the Gospel of Jesus which is hindered, and in the holy name of God—'A barred door to Popery, and no peace with Rome!'"

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH MERCHANT LIFE IN CHINA.

THE mode of life of the English and American residents in Amoy, China, is a curious mixture of hard work and amusement. They live with a splendor in their daily life of which we have but a slight conception here. In the most elaborate dinner-parties in America one seldom sees so much to tempt the palate and charm every sense as is constantly to be seen at the everyday tables of these men.

Yet they work very hard. They rise at six, and after a cup of coffee, a bit of toast, and perhaps some fruit, they work in their offices—which, by-the-way, are generally in the lower story of their houses—until about nine or half past. A plunge into cold water and an entire change of clothing from head to foot, and they are ready for breakfast. This meal is a very substantial one, being a *déjeuner à la fourchette.*

After this meal the merchants resume their work until about one, when "*tiffin*" is served. This meal is the most peculiar one of the day. It is eaten wherever one happens to be. To partake of it needs no invitation, as one is expected, as a matter of course, to remain if a visit or business carries one into another house than his own at tiffin time. It is almost always cold, and answers to our lunch.

After tiffin to work again until about four, when the amusement of the day begins. They ride and drive and row and sail. In Amoy, just below the town, is a hard white sand beach, nearly seven miles long, and here the gentlemen ride and run races and breathe in the invigorating wind that blows in an almost unbroken line from the coast of California. Then to return to the "*hongs*," as the English houses are called, to dress for dinner at seven. If there is no steamer going out they have their evenings to themselves, and read, play cards, talk, etc., until bedtime.

The houses of the foreign residents in Amoy are very spacious and generally in three stories. The lower story, or basement, is used as a sort of store-house or "godown," the next story is used for offices, and the third is the dwelling-house. All the rooms open on broad verandas with windows that are like doors. The rooms are very large, some dining-rooms being forty feet square and forty feet high in the centre. This immense space is very conducive to the comfort of the indwellers during some months of the year when the weather is very warm. In winter the climate is delightful, clear for months together without a cloud, cold enough to make exercise delightful, and yet warm enough to make being in the open air a pleasure.

HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, OF CONNECTICUT.

THE Hon. **MARSHALL JEWELL**, Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, was born in Winchester, New Hampshire, October 20, 1825, and is therefore at the present time forty-three years old. He was brought up in a tan-yard, and worked as a day-laborer till he was eighteen years of age, when he went to Boston to learn the currier's trade. At this time the telegraphic art came into public notice, and Mr. JEWELL gave up his trade temporarily and applied himself to the study of the science of electricity. He was subsequently engaged in constructing and superintending lines between Louisville, Kentucky, and New Orleans.

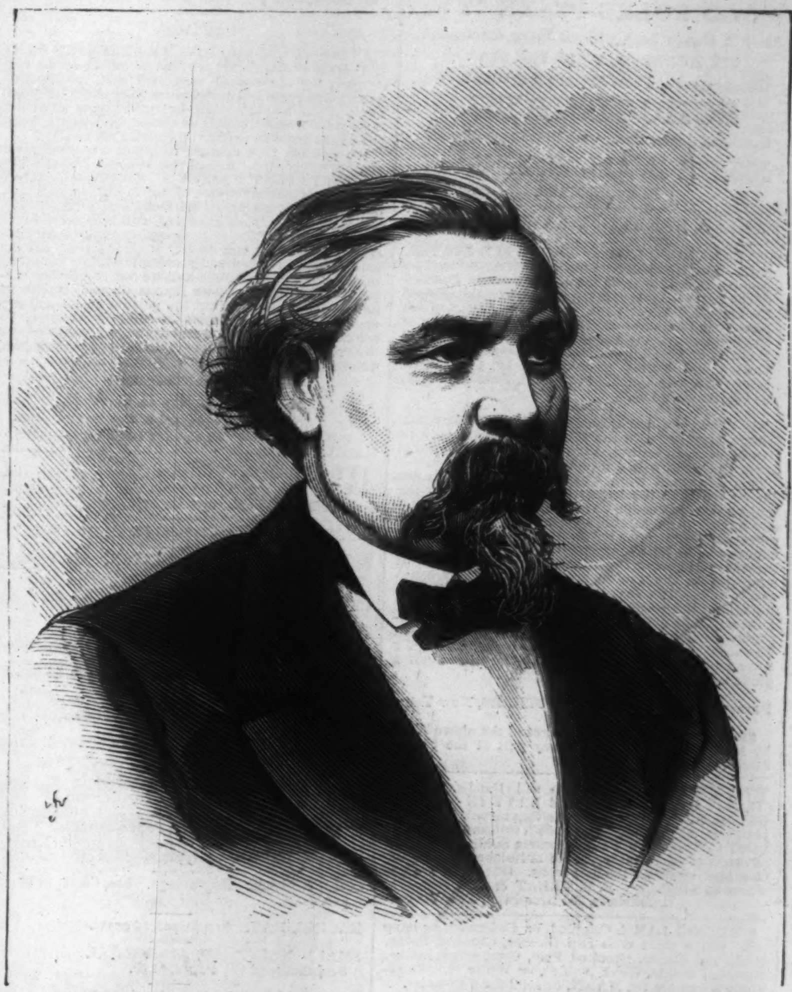
About the year 1850 Mr. JEWELL went to Hartford, Connecticut, and started the manufacture of leather belting, from which small beginning a very large establishment has grown up—the largest of its kind in the world. He is interested, and has been for fifteen years, in large tanneries in Detroit, Michigan, which supply the home-factory with stock.

In 1859 he made the tour of Europe, and has since been abroad three times on business and pleasure. Last year he spent considerable time at the Paris Exposition. His travels have been extensive, covering all places of interest, and from them he has derived valuable information. His love of art has led him to purchase largely of paintings and statuary; and his private gallery of art is creditable to his good taste and discrimination.

As a business-man, Mr. JEWELL's undoubted talents have been recognized for years, and he has been, and is now officially, connected with the oldest and most respectable moneyed institutions of Connecticut.

Politically Mr. JEWELL has never sought prominence. His first advent into public life was last year, when the Republicans of his district nominated him unanimously as a candidate for the State Senate. Though not prominent in political life he has always taken a deep interest in public affairs, and during the war was first and foremost as an earnest supporter of the Government. He was a devoted friend of the soldiers, and contributed largely to their support.

While nominated as a party man he is emphatically the candidate of the laboring men and of the soldiers, and it is not surprising that under his lead the Republicans of Connecticut are conducting an active and enthusiastic canvass.



HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

THE "MAGNOLIA" DISASTER.

THE reopening of navigation on the Ohio River, which has been closed by ice during the winter, has been inaugurated by a terrible disaster. The boiler of the steamer *Magnolia*, a large vessel plying between Cincinnati and Maysville, exploded on March 18 when twelve miles above Cincinnati, and about eighty of the one hundred and forty passengers were lost. The greater portion of the cabin was carried away by the explosion; and the boat subsequently caught on fire. After the upper works were destroyed, some powder in the magazine of the boat exploded and destroyed all that remained except the hull, which was so badly shattered that it sunk.

The scene at the time of the explosion was terrible. Some persons were blown high into the air; others were thrown into the river, where they struggled to keep from drowning. Many persons were scattered over the wreck, horribly mangled, scalded, burning, or already dead.

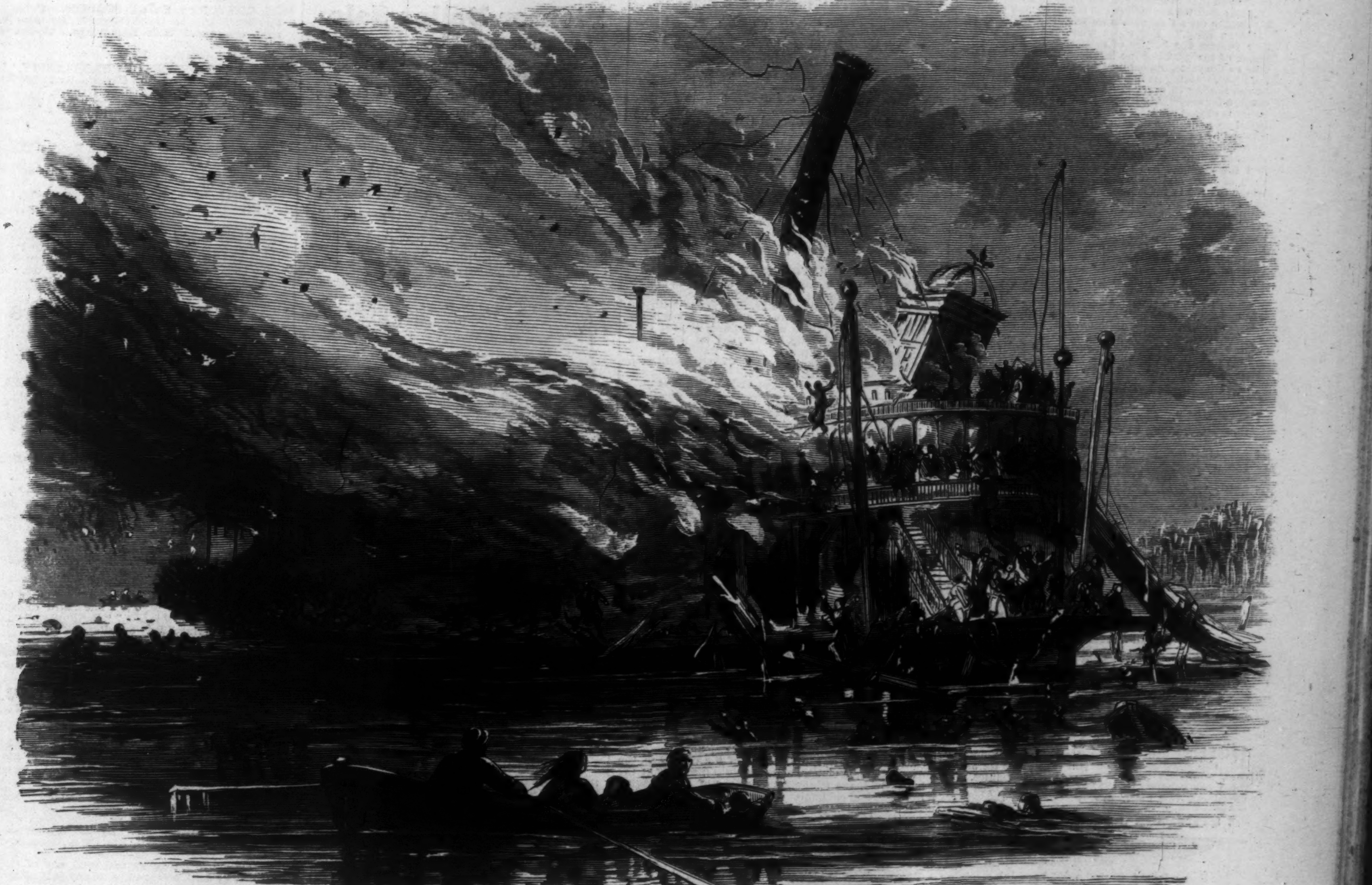
The *Magnolia's* yawl-boat, making trips between the wreck and the shore, picked up as many persons as she could carry; and several skiffs sent out from the town of California assisted in rescuing persons from drowning. Several persons jumped into the river from fright and were drowned. Those persons on the after-part of the boat, who were not rescued by the skiffs, were either drowned by jumping overboard or were burned to death.

NATURAL CAUSES OF DEATH.

FROM the commencement of life to the moment of death there are mechanical and chemical changes constantly and uninterruptedly going on in our bodies. For example, we eat and drink for the express purpose of providing materials for repairing the waste of matter resulting from the working of the machinery. A soft, oily fluid is poured into the joints to prevent friction, just as oil is poured into an axle-box of a car-wheel to prevent it from wearing away the metal. Our bones are all frequently renewed as well as our flesh, from infancy to age; but not in a day or an hour. Nature acts persistently, but accomplishes nothing by spasmodic efforts.

As soon as a particle of lime which was held in solution in food is placed in the stomach, it is carried to the heart by appropriate vessels, and from thence conveyed into an artery to be distributed to a point where most needed in some bone. There the little particle is deposited, and becomes incorporated with the substance of the hard structure where it was left. It becomes vitalized in its new connection. An old particle, or, as it were, an old brick is detached from the wall to give place to a new one. It is carried out of the body as useless matter, as its vitality has been expended. So particles are perpetually changing places. The new go in and the old go out. This is vigorous life and health so long as this vital process is regularly performed.

In the lapse of time the vital artisans, such as the liver, spleen, kidneys, heart, stomach, etc., are weary by years of incessant toil, and fail to act with that systematic activity characteristic of younger days. By this relaxing new particles are not sent forward often enough, nor are the effete ones removed quickly, and consequently there is a mechanical irregularity and a chemical one also. Thus, we wear away, and finally die of old age. When disease sets in it is a sudden clog of the wheels, as it were. The vital action by which life and consciousness is maintained can not be suspended, but a moment at farthest, without the hazard of death. When a man is drowned the machine stops. If, however, certain



EXPLOSION AND BURNING OF THE OHIO RIVER STEAMER "MAGNOLIA," NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO, MARCH 18, 1868.

measures are quickly adopted, provided respiration has been suspended but a few minutes, life may possibly be recalled. That is, the heart may be urged into contraction and the lungs once more commence filling and collapsing.

Where there are no violations of the vital laws great longevity is attainable. Few, however, are so careful and discreet as not to trespass upon themselves in some form, the penalty of which is sickness, suffering, and a premature death.

Whales, sharks, and some few of the land animals whose food is invariably easy of digestion, and whose habits, regulated by instinct, are as unchangeable as Nature herself, live to immensely long periods. It is the opinion of some naturalists that the *balæna* or right whale of the Arctic regions may reach the patriarchal age of a thousand years. Sharks, whose skeletons are not hard bone but flexible cartillaginous levers, are also supposed to continue several centuries if not destroyed by enemies.

Notwithstanding the universal desire for life, which is instinctive, we thoughtlessly hasten the approach of the very calamity we so much dread. With all the light of modern science, in an age, too, remarkable for intelligence, we pursue practices daily which we know are destructive to life. Each thinks himself removed from the dangers which threaten others; and acting upon the idea that all others are mortal but ourselves, we at last fall, as generations have before us, to be remembered no more forever.

Youth may reach threescore and ten by simply conforming to those natural laws which give health and happiness. A deviation is perilous; hence it behooves those who love life to shun every influence which might interfere with the enjoyment of the most valuable of all blessings—a sound body and a clear mind.

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From the London Review.

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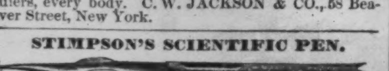

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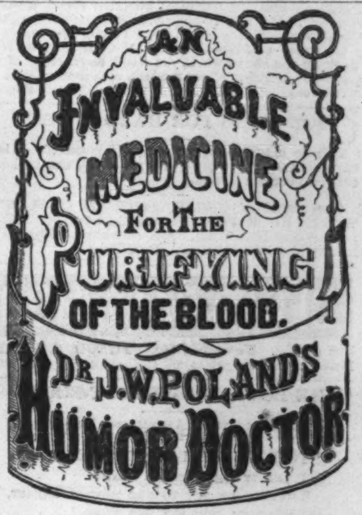

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